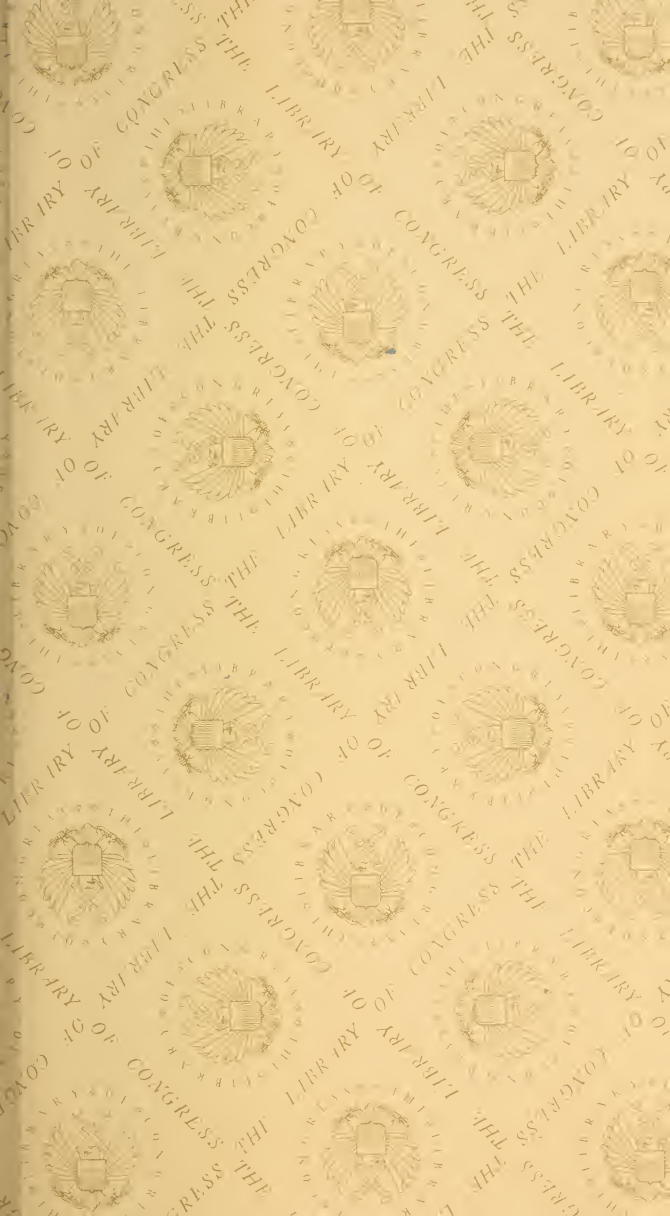


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LEGENDS AND RECOLLECTIONS,
&c. &c.

LEGENDS
AND
RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MONA,

WITH OTHER POEMS FROM A FAMILY PORTFOLIO.

“We, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest ; nor know
What air's from home.”

GUERNSEY:

PRINTED BY H. BROUARD, BORDAGE-STREET.

1849.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHO seeks the dark unpolished stone
Where fair and brilliant gems appear ?
Or violet on its mossy throne
When the bright rose is blushing near ?
Go, place the waving harebell fair
Amid the garden's gay parterre :
What heart would prize the humble flower,
Intruding thus in beauty's bower ?
Kind thoughts, sweet hopes, are written here,
Tho' clothed in simplest, modest guise,
Which oft have drawn a glittering tear
From gentle Friendship's beaming eyes ;
But place thee, little book of mine,
Where sparkling rays of genius shine ;
Neglected would thy pages be—
There none would deign to look on thee.
Yet, offered as a gift of love,
Oh ! should it cheer some lonely hearth,
A tear, or smile of pleasure, move,
Then will my little book have worth ;
As in the dreary wilderness
The pilgrim may the wild flower bless,
So will my poor and simple lays
Have gained their little meed of praise.

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ERRATA.

23d page, 1st line, for "deep" read "steep."

71st page, 3d verse, of Lines entitled "NIGHT," should read—

"Brightly reflected on the dark blue wave
Are myriad stars a gracious God hath given;
Serenely shining on each ocean cave,
They shed their lustre on the sailor's grave,
Like smiles from Heav'n!"

90th page, for "British Museum" read "Ladies' Museum."

91st page, 28th line, for "Africa's waste" read "Afric's waste."



LEGENDS AND RECOLLECTIONS,

&c., &c.

ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GUERNSEY IN THE YEAR 1846.*

FAIR summer was here, and her radiant smile
Was shedding its beauty around,
And bright were the waves that encircled our isle—
Soft and low was their murmuring sound.

And blue were the clear azure heavens above
Which spread o'er the sweet peaceful scene,
While the Sabbath bells rang their summons of love
On that evening, so calm and serene.

Richly laden with sweets was the fragrant breeze
That swept through each beautiful bower,
Or now gaily whisper'd amid the tall trees,
And gracefully waved every flower.

* That our little volume, with its title of "LEGENDS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF MONA," should commence with this Poem, may at first sight appear strange; but when it is remembered that it relates to our Sovereign, it will, I have no doubt, be acknowledged, that she is entitled to the first place in our pages, as she must ever have in our hearts.

Oh ! well might sweet summer thus spread her bright store,
Gentle Sarnia, isle of the sea !
For the gale was now wafting a Gem to thy shore,
Would shed its soft lustre on thee.

And well might thy waves in diamonds be drest,
The heavens in silver and blue ;
All nature be clothed in her holiday vest,
With loyalty heartfelt and true.

To welcome that Gem, our pride and our boast,
Who came, peace and hope to impart !
Like a beautiful vision to visit our coast,—
Shedding joy on each true loyal heart.

And well might each breast with happiness swell,
For ages had pass'd since the beam
Of a Sovereign's smile on fair Sarnia fell,
And it passed like a bright fitful dream.

Yet it warms every heart, and endears every scene,
Still shedding its halo around :
Each spot that was pressed by the foot of our Queen
Is treasured, and sacred ground.

And loud were the shouts of triumphant delight
When first the gay squadron appeared,
And England's proud standard waved free in our sight,—
To patriot hearts so endeared.

Again the bells rang, for the joyful news spread
That the morrow's blest morning would see
The bright Rose of England its fragrance shed,
On Sarnia, the favoured and free !

And few were the heads that sought for repose—
They watched for the bright orb of day,
Who soon in his splendour and beauty arose,
To shed light on the gallant array.

Well and gaily equipped the troops issued forth,
Joy throbbing in every breast ;
And they come from the south, and they come from the north—
They come from the east and the west.

Alike bed-ridden age,* or gay happy youth,
All eagerly flock to the scene,
To pay that best homage of duty and truth
To our loved, our own British Queen !

And bright were the wreathes that were gracefully twined,
Every garden it yielded its flowers ;
E'en friendship to loyalty now was resigned,
And stripped were her sweet sacred bowers.

The arches, the banners, the streamers so gay,
Were waving at earliest dawn ;
They made in the sunlight a gorgeous display,
To honour that glorious morn.

But the brightest of all that was lovely and bright
Shone one little beautiful band,
Who, with baskets of flowers and drapery white,
Assisted our Monarch to land.

Less fair were the flowers they strew'd in her path
While singing our National Lay,
Than Sarnia's daughters, the pride of each hearth,
Who graced this great festival day.

As the fair queen of heaven shines calm and serene
'Midst the radiant stars of the night,
So majestic, yet gentle, our own youthful Queen
Added lustre to beauty's soft light.

And, graciously smiling upon her fair guard,
Declared that in many a land

* It is a fact that an aged woman, who had been confined to her bed for twelve years, arose on the joyful occasion, and walked forth to see her Queen !

“She'd been welcom'd by warriors grim visaged and hard,
But ne'er by so gentle a band.”*

Long, long in our hearts will the memory rest
Of our Sovereign's kind, gracious smiles,
And love and devotion fill every breast
For the Queen of the fair British isles.

Unshaken and firm stand the bold jutting rocks,
The pride of each beautiful bay,
Unchanged by the tempests, unmov'd by the shocks
Of the angry ocean's wild spray.

As those rocks true and firm will our hearts ever be,
Tho' discord is hemming us round;
And Sarnia shall be as a pearl of the sea—
As pure and unstained ever found.

We mourn for the discord, the famine, and strife
That is spreading o'er ev'ry land,
And pray to our God, the great Giver of life,
To stretch forth his powerful hand.

That hand which both princes and peasants can sway,
That terror and discord may sleep—
Meet companions alone for the wild beasts of prey,
Or the monsters that dwell in the deep.

Oh! grant that the blessing of peace may be ours,
And the fair Rose of England may be,
Not only the brightest and sweetest of flowers,
But the lov'd, gracious Father, of thee!

* The Queen's own words.

INTRODUCTION TO LEGEND I.

QUEEN of the midnight skies ! with holy light
 Thou shinest on through the dark clouds of night ;
 Thy silv'ry beam resting on each fair flower,
 Lending soft beauty to this silent hour.
 O'er earth and sea thy chasten'd light is cast,
 Clearing the heavens, stilling the midnight blast ;
 Through gloom, through darkness, o'er the foaming deep,
 While myriad stars their watchful vigils keep,
 And one fair orb, companion of the night,
 Sheds o'er thy path its sweet and gentle light.
 Tho' gathering clouds awhile obscure thy ray,
 Serenely still thou journey'st on thy way,
 Till in soft beauty, without speck or stain,
 In undimmed lustre shining forth again ;
 While e'en those clouds, which late with sombre fold
 Veil'd thy bright lustre, now are edged with gold.
 Like the pure light of sweet repentant grace,
 Bright'ning with smiles of hope the sinner's face,
 Dearly I love by thy soft light to stray,
 And watch the billows as they dash and play.
 While faithful mem'ry bears me o'er the wave,
 And pensive thought rests on a father's grave.
 In Mona's isle* his sacred ashes rest,
 By Mona's turf his hallow'd form is prest ;
 Then ever dear must that lov'd island be,
 A spot enshrined in filial memory.
 Tho' no fond hand may now with tender care
 Strew the fresh flow'rs upon his lonely bier,
 He sweetly sleeps, for on that holy ground
 Nature her varied beauties strews around ;
 And yon fair orb sheds on that lonely isle
 Her softest lustre, and her purest smile,

* Said to be the Mona of Cæsar. It is deemed the most probable conjecture that it was originally called Mang (surrounded), or Mon (isolated), and that Cæsar gave it the Latin termination.

Through the long stillness of the silent night,
Silv'ring his grave with rays of holy light.
Such are the peaceful thoughts that soft light brings,
Thus does fond memory love to spread her wings;
While happy fancy, loos'd from her dull cage,
Fills up each vacant space in memory's page :
The past in vivid colours still is drest,
The present cheer'd, and sorrow lull'd to rest.

Gem of the West, the lov'd, the lone, the free !
Fair Mona's isle ! still do I turn to thee.
Haven of rest, scene of my youth's bright home,
Wherever fate may lead my steps to roam
My heart will still recal that happy time
When up thy rocky heights I lov'd to climb—
To scale thy mountains, beautiful and bold,
Where the wild furze blends her bright flow'rs of gold
With the sweet blossoms of the purple heath,
Scenting the air with their soft balmy breath.
With those I love how gladly would I stray
To seek the home of some bright sister Fay,
Gathering sweet offerings for each fairy well,
Forget-me-not or Hyacinth's deep bell ;
And, as we danc'd around each fairy ring,
Gaily our sweet but humble gifts would fling.
With merry smiles would hear the peasant's tale,
Of witch or sprite haunting each lonely vale ;
And strange the scene, in the dark hour of night,
To watch the flames running in-streams of light*
Upon the mountain's dark and lofty brow,
Casting around a bright and lurid glow ;
To hear the rustic tell with look of care
How many a witch, in likeness of a hare,
From out the burning gorse would swiftly run,
Nor rest till some dark mischief she had done ;
To see him haste to guard his humble door
With the blest cross—then was all danger o'er—

* On the evening of the 1st of May they burn the gorse on the mountains. It is a beautiful sight, but it frightens many a timid hare, who gets stigmatized as a witch.

And many a tale of terror he would tell
Of sad disaster and malignant spell,
To him who should at eve neglect to place
That holy symbol of redeeming grace.

Where now Peel Castle stands in proud decay,
Around whose base the foaming billows play,
Derby's fair Countess, brave as she was fair,
In queenly pride her little court held there ;
And many a stately knight and noble dame
Inspir'd the lay that gave their deeds to fame,
And grac'd the tournament and sprightly dance
With witching smiles and many a beaming glance.
Where now those stately halls ? those scenes so gay ?
Those beaming smiles ? oh, where ! oh, where ! are they ?
They've pass'd away with scenes of darker hue,
If what tradition tells, alas ! be true.
'Mid those dark cells, 'tis said, for fourteen years
Gloucester's* sad Duchess bathed her couch in tears,
With bitter sighs mourning her hapless fate,
The hopeless victim of revenge and hate :
And at the hour of midnight still, they say,
Her troubled spirit 'mid these scenes will stray ;
Climbing those broken stairs will nightly roam,
Around those vaults so long her dreary home.

The murm'ring waves a mournful cadence keep
With the wild sea-bird skimming o'er the deep,
Utt'ring sad cries, like those of grief and woe,
To the wild waters as they ebb and flow ;
Silv'ring each ruin'd arch the moonlight streams,
Through ivy'd loophole shedding her soft beams,
Lending a sweet though melancholy grace
To the dark outline of that lonely place ;
And many a legend, strange and wild, is told

* It is related that the Duchess of Gloucester, accused of associating with witches and wizards to ascertain if her husband should ascend the throne, was banished, by the malice of the Duke of Suffolk and the Cardinal of Winchester, to the Isle of Man ; and Sir John Stanley acted as jailer, confining her for fourteen years in a dungeon in Peel Castle, where she died.

Of scenes that pass'd 'mid those grey walls of old.
 Time has bestowed his mild and soft'ning power
 On the dark terrors of each dreary tower,
 Beneath whose pavements many captives sleep—
 Upon whose walls the slimy reptiles creep ;
 His stealthy hand still crumbling stones away,
 Through which the sun now pours his golden ray.
 May no rude hand destroy the noble pile,
 On it the sun still shines, the moon-beams smile ;
 Long may it stand, while ages pass away,
 An emblem still of man's more swift decay.
 There's many an aged peasant may be found
 To tell the story of the Spectre Hound,
 And of the brave young Dugald of Buccleugh,
 Who dared alone the far-famed Moddey Dhoo,
 The spectre fiend, who nightly, it was said,
 With dreadful howls a wond'ring terror spread.
 At that wild cry each sound of mirth was still'd,
 And every bosom with dismay was fill'd :
 From place to place the whisper'd murmur ran,
 " It is the fiend ! the Spectre Hound of Man ! " *

LEGEND I.—THE SPECTRE HOUND.

'Tis night, and wildly sweeps the threat'ning blast,
 The vessel bows its tall and stately mast ;
 The seagulls utter their wild plaintive cry,
 Mingling their notes with the sad night-wind's sigh ;
 The booming gun tells its sad tale of fear,
 And all *without* foretells a storm is near.
 From yon dark heavens not one pale ray is shed
 O'er earth, sea, sky—night's deepest veil is spread.
Within these walls, regardless of the storm,
 Sounds echoing laughter : many a form

* Man or Mona, supposed to be an abbreviation of Manning—meaning "among." Others believe it to be derived from Maun, the surname of St. Patrick.

Of passing loveliness and gentle grace—
Many a youthful brightly beaming face,
With their soft spells, now chase away all care ;
Love, beauty, music, all are sparkling there.
And there the vassals of each noble lord
With gay good humour spread the social board,
Or circle round the brightly glowing hearth,
With the gay jest of wild and thoughtless mirth.
Alike unmindful of the gloomy night
The wine cup flows, and ev'ry heart seems light,
Yet two* there are who, as they sat apart,
List to the wind's wild moan with troubled start ;
'Tis theirs to-night to close the postern gate,
To brave the howling storm, the fiend, their fate :
And well it may their manly courage test
To leave the cheerful hearth, the merry jest—
To traverse at the dark and dreaded hour
Each dreary passage, and each lonely tower.
Young Dugald marks, with mischief loving eye,
Their cheeks turn pale as time rolls swiftly by,
And now at length, with trembling knees, they stand
With the half-opened door and keys in hand.
He gives a sudden start, with well feigned fear,
Declares the Spectre Hound is roaming near.
Yet, let us give the reckless youth his due,
His heart was kind and brave, to friendship true—
And as he marks their looks of pale dismay,
With hearty laugh snatches their keys away,
Boldly declares that he alone will dare
Dark Moddey Dhoo and hunt him from his lair.
Vainly his comrades reason and persuade ;
He scorns their counsel, nor will have their aid,
But, with a merry jest, and fearless bound,
He braves alone the dreaded Spectre Hound.

* It is said that till Moddey Dhoo made his appearance one man nightly took this office, but, such was the terror the spectre created even in brave hearts, that till the bold Dugald none were found who dare risk encountering him alone. Poor Dugald never spake after, or recovered his senses to relate his adventure.

Tho' many a voice is raised to call him back
None have the heart to follow in his track.

* * * * *

Now all is hushed ;—but soon the fire's bright glow
Shines on the wine cups, and again they flow ;
Again the merry jest is heard around,
Dugald forgotten and the Spectre Hound.

* * * * *

The wine is drained, the fire no longer burns,
The time speeds on, Dugald not yet returns ;
But now, amid the howling of the blast,
A sound is heard ; again, and then 'tis past.
With throbbing hearts, they listen ; now is heard
A cry unlike the wind, *man, beast, or bird* ;
Now comes the sound of wildly rushing feet,
And who may tell the sight their senses greet ?
With hair erect, and eyes that wildly glare,
Young Dugald stands the image of despair—
His face distorted, questions are in vain,
Madness has seized upon his burning brain ;
With gestures wild points to the open door,
With shudd'ring horror sinks upon the floor.
From hall to hall the tale of terror flies,
Wild is the scene and piercing are the cries,
And many a lip that late to music woke,
In broken sobs their patron saints invoke.
A few sad days of wild and anguish'd pain
Poor Dugald lives, but never speaks again.

* * * * *

An aged man is bending o'er his child,
His looks are careworn, but his aspect mild ;
Meek resignation lends a touching grace
To the mild aspect of his pallid face.
While bending o'er poor Dugald's early bier
Faith, gentle Faith, is sweetly beaming there,—
Like some lone ruin by the moon's pale ray
His silver'd head looks lovely in decay ;
A young fair girl supports his aged form,
A fragile reed bending beneath the storm.

Her eyes are raised to Heav'n in fervent prayer,
But in their glance is seated sad despair :
For her lost lover's soul she wildly prays—
Vows in that task of love to end her days,
And with a child's deep tenderness and care
To watch that aged father kneeling there.
And daily, hourly, was the fair girl seen
Off'ring up prayers upon yon mossy green,
Or gently leading his weak trembling form
To that lone grave through sunshine and through storm.
Many, with mournful looks, would say, 'twas vain—
That Dugald's soul was doomed to endless pain ;
For, tho' the Spectre Hound was seen no more,
Strange cries were heard at midnight as of yore.
But Faith and Love still bent o'er his lone grave
And pray'd to One all-powerful to save ;
And when the old man breathed his latest sigh,
The smile of hope illum'd his sunken eye ;
Then trustful faith gain'd entrance in the breast
Of that young mourner, and her heart found rest.
She knew that father's spirit now was flown
To plead for Dugald at sweet mercy's throne :
She feels and trusts that he will be forgiven,
His troubled spirit gain yon glorious Heaven ;
That, through a Saviour's all-enduring love,
Pardon is won in those bright realms above.
Those fearful cries of agony and pain
Are still'd for ever—all is peace again :
From that dark power his soul is snatch'd away,
And borne to regions of eternal day ;
Her task of love is done—on yon bright shore
Soon will their spirits meet to part no more !

INTRODUCTION TO LEGEND II.

SUCH is the story of the Spectre Hound—
 Such the wild legends that may still be found
 By those who love the quaint and ancient rhymes
 That tell the deeds of long-forgotten times.
 Many the scene of conflict and of strife
 That chequer'd then the humble Manxman's life ;
 When brother against brother fought for power,
 And gentle Mercy droop'd, like Spring's first flower—
 When blighted by the tempest and the storm,
 It scarce again may raise its fragile form.
 So home affection yielded to stern fate :
 Love changed to envy—pity turned to hate—
 Ambition ruled with wild despotic sway—
 And at his frown sweet Mercy fled away.
 Such was the fate of that fair lonely isle,
 When from its shore sweet Peace withdrew her smile ;
 When the fell tyrant Reginald, whose hand
 Spread desolation through that fertile land,
 Was treacherously raised against the life
 Of him whose aim it was to banish strife.
 The good king Olave, great as he was good,
 Who oft the frowns of fortune had withstood,
 And for his people's welfare would have given
 All he possess'd, save his bright hopes of Heaven—
 Anxious all strife and discord to remove,
 Content to know he had his people's love,
 Now call'd a council, with intent to share
 With his ambitious nephew, kingly care ;
 Or if he thus might his poor country shield
 From civil discord, gladly he would yield
 His crown, and sceptre, and in peace remove
 To some far home cheer'd by domestic love.

Fierce in his splendour, ere his course is run,
 From threat'ning clouds shines forth the glorious sun,

And deep and red, as if suffused with blood,
Appears to sink into the crystal flood.
On Tynwald's* well-known mount the people wait,
Assembled there to hear their country's fate—
Fatal to them they feel would be the hour
Dark Reginald should own the regal power :
Beneath his iron rule, tho' bold and brave,
The free born Manxman would become a slave.
Surrounded then by friends as well as foes,
With looks of pity the good King arose ;
But 'ere his parted lips had breathed a word,
A flash was seen, a piercing cry was heard,—
The assassin Reginald, with impious hand,
Waved in the air a stained and gleaming brand.
Now in the sleep of death that pale form lies,
His gen'rous blood the velvet greensward dyes.
And then came mingled sounds of rage and woe,
With wild defiance,—blow now follows blow,—
And till soft evening spreads her shadowy veil
Those dreadful sounds were borne upon the gale,
Till there was left of all that num'rous train
But mangled bodies mingled with the slain.
The murm'ring waves their solemn requiem bear,
And sighing winds whisper—the dead are there ;
The pale fair moon now wears her silver shroud,
Now hides awhile behind some passing cloud—
She scarce may shed her pure and holy light
On the dark terrors of that fearful night.
Those moss-grown cairns which rise above the plain
Are fit mausoleums for the noble slain.
Scarce, when the Druid there his dark rites held,
Had that sad place a sadder scene beheld—
When anarchy and dark confusion reigned,
And superstition wild dominion gained.

* It is the place where the laws are promulgated, and is situated on the plain of St. John, about three miles from Peel, on the Douglas road, and is of unknown antiquity. It is of a conic shape and beautiful structure. From its antiquity, and the important object for which it was erected, it must be considered highly interesting.

In that far age when Mananan McLer,*
The Paynim Prince and wild idolator,
Rul'd with unholy rites the fated isle,
And at whose will the sun withdrew his smile—
Shrouded in mist, and darkness at mid-day—
With magic art he held his foes at bay ;
Till bless'd St. Patrick mercifully bore
The holy cross to that benighted shore,
And preached the Gospel, a Redeemer's love—
Trust in the Power who reigns around, above,
Whose hand alone can guide the wheel of fate,
Whose power is infinite and mercy great.
And with him came a fair and lovely band—
There white-robed Mercy waved her radiant wand,
And meek-eyed Pity raised her gentle face,
Mourning the sorrows of that lonely place ;
While Truth and Faith, chasing the clouds of night,
Shed o'er the isle their clear and lustrous light.
Ambition slept, alas ! but for a time,
And, waking, led again to deeds of crime :
Not e'en religion might have power to stay
The guilty hand, and Mercy fled away ;
O'er Reginald's dark mind it soon had gained
An empire, violent and unrestrained.
But short his triumph : young Prince Godred came,
Breathing deep vengeance on the murderer's name.
A gallant vessel bears him o'er the wave,
To kneel beside a murdered father's grave ;
A few sad tears are to his mem'ry given,
And a deep vow is register'd in Heaven.
O'er hill and dale quickly the rumour flies,
Gladly with one accord the people rise ;
They welcome young Prince Godred as their king—
With shouts of joy the echoes wildly ring.

* The old Statute-book describes him thus,—“Mananan McLer, the first man who held Man, was ruler thereof, and after whom the land was named, reigned many years, and was a Paynim. He kept the land under mists by his necromancy.”

Th' usurper trembles ! Where is now his trust ?
His conscience whispers that his God is just ;
Yet with stern looks of pride he issues forth
To meet the prince and warriors of the north.
On Norway's plains that noble band had learned
The art of war, and many a laurel earned ;
They fight for justice, and now hand to hand
In deadly conflict the two cousins stand.
But Retribution waves her sword of flame,
Breathing just vengeance on the tyrant's name :
He falls at length upon the fatal plain,
Where that fell deed was done that will remain
A foul disgrace, and will for ever brand
His name and memory in that fair land.
Bright years roll on, and smiling Peace once more
Has made her home on Mona's happy shore.

LEGEND II.—THE MERMAID'S VOW.

In Rushen Castle's walls of strength,
Defying time and fate,
Is smiling peace restored at length,
With high and regal state.

Years have rolled on, and time hath set
His seal on Godred's brow,—
Changing his locks of waving jet
To locks of silver'd snow.

Stealing many a youthful grace,
And tracing many a line,
Upon his calm and manly face,—
Leaving his seal and sign.

But gentle love still cheers his hearth,
Can ev'ry care beguile ;
And sweet affection lights his path
With her warm beaming smile.

Prince Harold, now a child no more,
His father's joy and pride,
To-morrow leaves for Scotland's shore,
To claim a lovely bride.

He had lov'd the gentle Isabel
E'en from his earliest youth,
And long the fond and faithful girl
Had plighted him her truth.

And now in Douglas' lovely bay
His gallant vessel waits,
To bear him at the dawn of day
To her father's castle gates.

But why that look of anxious care
Upon young Harold's brow,
When fortune now looks bright and fair?
Alas! none there may know.

Before his much-lov'd sire he kneels,
A tear is in his eye,—
A sad presentiment he feels,
And breathes a deep-drawn sigh.

Then hastens to the lonely strand,
Where the bright moonlight streams
Upon the smooth and sparkling sands,
Shedding her silv'ry beams.

Where, mirror'd in the crystal waves,
A thousand stars are seen—
Bright gems that light the coral caves
Of many an ocean queen.

And wild is young Prince Harold's gaze,
Tho' his heart is bold and brave,
When he sees by her pale fitful rays
The maiden of the wave.

And hears her voice upon the gale,
Borne by the whisp'ring wind,
Murmuring, like the plaintive wail
Of one to woe consigned.

Well does he know that shadowy form
And dread the fatal spell,
Which is, in sunshine or in storm,
Of peace and hope, the knell.

He cannot love that form so fair—
That cold unearthly brow ;
Vain is that cry of sad despair,
And wildly murmur'd vow.

Her eyes are blue as the summer skies,
Her hair as the sea foam free ;
And on her wat'ry pillow lies
Wild as the heaving sea.

Sweet as the Æolian harp's soft tone,
Borne on the ev'ning air,
Is that sad thrilling plaintive moan
From her now resting there.

She raises her pale shadowy hand,
He feels her fatal power,
And hastens o'er the moon-lit strand,
By the crescent's lonely tower.

She tells of treasures 'neath the deep
Within her ocean home,
Where countless stars their vigils keep—
Where sorrows may not come.

A shudder o'er his spirit fell,
In grief he turns aside,
And breathes the name of Isabel—
His own sweet earthly bride.

Swift as the lightning's flash hath passed
 On the fair scene a change,
 And 'mid the fury of the blast
 Are voices wild and strange.

They breathe the name of Isabel,
 Doom'd to a wat'ry grave ;
 A curse upon his ear there fell
 From the maiden of the wave.

* * * * *

The dawn is bright, the orb of day
 Is shining in the east,
 The gallant bark now sails away
 On the calm ocean's breast.

It bears him o'er the crystal tide ;
 Young Harold thinks no more
 Of the mermaid's vow—he seeks his bride
 To bear to Mona's shore.

To her lov'd home she bids adieu,
 She feels no dread or fear,
 Tho' in her eye of softest blue
 Lingers the parting tear.

Clasped to her lover's anxious breast
 She watches the last speck
 Of a land that speaks of home and rest—
 They stand upon the deck.

* * * * *

The moon-beams tremble on the wave
 And all is silent now,
 They smile upon the sailor's grave
 As placid as his brow.

Yet but few hours have pass'd away
 Since dark and rolling clouds

Beat heavy on those forms of clay,
Then active at the shrouds.

And where is now that fated pair—
That fair and lovely bride ?
The sighing night winds echo, where ?
They sleep beneath the tide.

Upon his own wild rocky shore
Prince Harold's bark is driv'n,
His sire, his friend, he'll meet no more,
Till they unite in Heav'n.

He pass'd like those bold oaks* of yore
Whose branches cloth'd with pride
The barren hills, but grace no more
The rugged mountain's side.

And she, like all earth's fragile flowers
Pluck'd from the parent tree,
Died e'er she felt the wintry showers
Of guilt or misery !

Oh ! sweet is the sleep of the calm peaceful grave,
They slumber together beneath the blue wave ;
No storm shall awaken, or break their long rest,
Till call'd by their God to the home of the blest.

Where no parting shall come, where sorrow shall cease,
Then sweet be their slumbers, their waking be peace ;
In the mansions of rest, where no tear ever flows,
On the breast of their Saviour, oh ! may they repose !

* There is great beauty and grandeur of scenery in Mona: its greatest, indeed only defect, is the scarcity of fine and stately trees. There are many proofs, however, that formerly there was not this deficiency. There are many remains of Druidical altars. The name of the vale where one of them stand (Glen Darrak) signifies, in the language of the island, the Vale of Oaks, and proves the Druids were not destitute of their favourite tree. Immense trunks have been found far below the surface of the earth there and in many other parts of the island, and some of the ancient records tell of its having been at a remote period covered with them.

THE CHANGING DEEP.

Hark to the angry ocean !
 With what tremulous shocks
 Its waves in wild emotion
 Dash o'er the rugged rocks !
 How like the never-ending strife
 Which fills the human breast,
 Which checquers still this passing life—
 Destroying peace and rest.

Hark to the foaming ocean !
 With what a rushing sound
 Its waves in wild commotion
 From Mona's rocks rebound !
 How like brother chasing brother
 Ere the battle-field is won,
 Madly following one another
 Those waves come gathering on.

Look at the mighty ocean !
 With what tremendous leaps
 Its waves in restless motion
 Break o'er the craggy steeps !
 As crowned with foam they heave and rise
 To meet the low'ring sky,
 So the proud bosom swells with sighs
 Till passion's storm sweeps by.

List to the murmuring ocean—
 The deep, the briny deep !
 Now stirred to wild emotion
 As the rude winds o'er it sweep !
 Do you not hear a voice of woe
 Now borne upon the gale,
 As still those bright waves brightly flow,
 Breathing a mournful tale ?

Yes, thou dread wondrous ocean !
Full many a heart must swell,
And gaze with sad emotion,
Too deep for words to tell.
Yet as we look upon the sea,
Still gliding o'er the beach,
Its waves all sparkling, wild and free,
A useful lesson teach.

And beautiful ! vast ocean !
Is thy bright silvery spray :
Thy waves in restless motion,
Like infancy at play.
When by summer breezes fanned
They in the moonlight glide ;
How sweetly o'er the golden sand
Flows the bright liquid tide.

Then let us watch the ocean,
For thoughts we may not tell
Waken to pure devotion,
And on its bright waves dwell.
We read the great Creator's name
Upon the pathless sea,—
In sunshine or in storm the same
Type of Eternity !

BALLAUGH GLEN.

WHEN weary and worn with the turmoil and strife
That on earth ever checquers the pathway of life—
When the bright hue of health from my wan cheek has fled,
And hope's fairest blossoms are wither'd and dead—
When fancy no longer shall spread her light wing,
Or her visions sweet pictures of happiness bring—

Oh ! where could my spirit then hope to find rest,
If not on thy shore, lovely Isle of the West ?
There, far from the troubles, the pleasures of men,
I would seek my lost peace in fair Ballaugh Glen :
By some green sunny bank, or clear gushing stream,
To the song of the summer birds there would I dream.
Tho' years have fled by since with tears of regret
I left that loved home, can I ever forget
Those bright fleeting days when hope lit our path
As we roamed thro' the beautiful Glen of Ballaugh ?
When we climbed the hill side, so rugged and steep,
To watch the bright sun as he sank 'neath the deep,
Or gathered the flowers that bloom'd on its brow ;
Oh, say ! do they blossom as brightly there now ?
Oh, yes ! they return with each beautiful spring,
And o'er the wild scene their sweet fragrance fling :
'Tis the heart only fades, ne'er to blossom again,
While sojourning here, in our path-way of pain.
Yet sweet thoughts will come with the young springing flowers,
And sweet hopes revive with the bright sunny hours ;
They are breathed in the summer winds murmuring near—
They come with the nightingale's note, soft and clear—
They beam on our hearts in the sun's golden ray,
And griefs, with the wintry clouds, vanish away.
Tho' the days may be past, those bright days of youth,
When we fancied fair Hope was twin-sister with Truth,
Sweet memory will come, ever faithful and true,
Recalling the past, will each pleasure renew ;
As the evening skies may look sombre and gray
When the glorious sun has shed his last ray,
Till the beautiful stars thro' the silence of night
Illumine the heavens with their soft lustrous light.
And thus will I visit the Glen of Ballaugh,—
Its fireside circle ; and hear the gay laugh
From lips ever bright with affection's warm smile,
And mem'ry will thus ev'ry sorrow beguile :
Oh ! well can she trace every well beloved scene—
Our shrubby walk, with its soft velvet green ;

The deep mountain path, so rugged and wild,
 Where the golden furze blossom'd and soft moon-beams smil'd ;
 The bright waterfall of lovely Glen Maie,*
 Where, with friends that I love, I have rambled all day,—
 For 'midst thy wild mountains are hearts warm and kind,
 And many a sweet peaceful spot is enshrined.
 E'en Snaefield's steep height we would fearlessly scale,†
 And look from its brow over far hill and dale ;
 The blue sky above, and the wide spreading sea ;
 Bound Mona's fair isle, ever sparkling and free,
 Like a gem in the ocean, so brilliantly set ;
 Oh ! say, do those waves flow as brightly there yet ?
 Yes, the fair things of earth may all fade away,
 But the waves of the sea will still sparkle and play.
 And far thro' the glen, on our way to the shore,
 Stands our dear village church—but, he‡ is no more !
 Oh, stern ruthless Time ! and could you not spare
 Those lips that still breathed the sweet accent of prayer ?
 Our guide and our teacher, that gentlest of men,
 The dearly-loved pastor of fair Ballaugh Glen.
 Yet, why should we mourn : tho' for ever laid low—
 Tho' death's hand is set on that calm placid brow—
 His spirit has flown to those regions above !
 He reaps the reward of his labour of love !
 And why should I wish to revisit that home
 When wearied and worn my spirit shall roam,
 For Time's ruthless scythe will have swept through the glen,—
 He spares not the haunts of weak erring men ;
 But he speaks to the heart this lesson each day,
 " Oh ! seek for those bright things that pass not away !"
 Then still let me feel there's a blue sky above,
 And a Father of mercy, a Father of love !

* In the Manx spelt, Glen Moij.

† Snaefield is 1,740 feet above the level of the sea. From the top, which is considered the centre of her Majesty's European dominions, there is an extensive prospect. On a clear day may be seen the mountains of Ayrshire and Dumfries, those of Cumberland and Westmoreland, of Snowden and Holyhead, and the Morne mountains in Ireland.

‡ The father of the present talented and highly respected Reverend Hugh Stowel.

“ THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.”

SEEK not for peace, poor pilgrim of the earth,
It may not dwell below ;
Alas ! where'er humanity has birth
There will be strife and woe.

In stately hall, or at the cottage hearth,
Pale sorrow will intrude ;
Chase from the laughing brow its joyous mirth,
E'en of the pure and good.

Go search the forest depths, or lowly vale,
Where throbs the human breast,
There your sad heart may list to sorrow's tale :
Then seek not *here* for rest.

But, weary wanderer, raise thy trusting eyes
To those bright realms above,
Where happy spirits dwell beyond the skies
In unity and love !

A Saviour's love—that Rock of sure defence
For thy salvation given :
Then, weary pilgrim, raise thy thoughts from hence—
Thou'lt find lost peace in Heaven !

THE FIRST OF MAY.

SWEET Mona ! on thy rugged shore
Nature has shed her gayest bloom ;
Thy mountain paths are spangled o'er
With blossom of the yellow broom.
I love to see thee, little isle,
When waves around thee brightly play ;

I love to see thee share the smile
That decks the sunny First of May !

Could I but claim a fairy's wand,
Oh ! thou should'st be the loved retreat—
The blest, the happy, happy land,
Where friends should dwell and lovers meet.
Content, presiding at thy shrine,
Should banish discord far away ;
And pleasure's beams for ever shine,
Bright as the sunny First of May !

With smiling love and friendship near,
Each rocky cliff and shady glen
Would wildly beautiful appear—
How sweet to ramble o'er them then.
Reflected bliss in others' eyes,
That light which makes the bosom gay :
Oh ! would not every morning rise
As sunny as the First of May !

Oft fancy pictures to my view
This little Paradise below ;
And, oh ! were hearts all kind and true,
How brightly might this picture glow.
But not for us such joy appears,—
The cheek's warm tint of bliss to-day,
To-morrow must be washed by tears :
'Tis transient as the First of May !

Scenes of romance ! sweet fairy land !
How thro' thy glens I loved to rove,
And fancy that some magic wand
Would make thee yet the land of love :
Where he shall fix his rosy bower,
Oh ! never, never more to stray,
But, smiling, make life's wintry hour
Bright as the sunny First of May !

THE CHOLERA.

A SAD AND "O'ER TRUE TALE."

AGAIN, again, it is the passing bell,
 Its mournful sound is borne across the wave ;
 It is the long, it is the last farewell
 Of some new tenant of the silent grave.
 Alas, poor Mona ! sorrow has once more
 Found refuge there, and made her fatal stand ;
 And o'er her mountains and rock-girded shore
 Disease hath spread her pale and with'ring hand :
 Fell cholera is there, and hour by hour
 That mournful bell proclaims its dreaded power.

In vain the mountains yield their fragrant breath,
 In vain the fresh'ning breezes from the sea,
 They bear, alas ! but pale disease and death,
 And to our lonely isle but misery !
 The blast sweeps on—it spares nor youth or age—
 Fair nature mourns in vain the sad decay ;
 Nor wealth, nor beauty, may its power assuage,
 All fall alike beneath its fearful sway :
 That solemn sound, still borne upon the gale,
 Breathes to the ear the sad heartrending tale.

Now through deserted streets are slowly borne
 The dying victims, a pale sickly throng ;
 And friends, whose looks are haggard, pale, and worn,
 Follow those cars that sadly pass along.
 To yon rude hospital* those sufferers go
 Till death's cold hand shall set their spirits free,
 And bear them from that scene of pain and woe
 To find, we trust, a blest eternity !

* A temporary one built for the occasion.

Still, still, that pealing bell is sounding loud,
Breathing its warning to a trembling crowd.

The stately hearse is hourly passing by,
Its horses decked with many a nodding plume,
And rich and poor alike must claim the sigh—
Alike the tenants of the silent tomb.
Sad are the scenes that daily meet our sight ;
The happy hearth made desolate and cold ;
The dire disease falls like a with'ring blight,
And wraps all nature in its dreary fold :
That bell tolls on, death's work is not yet done,
And earth seems scorched beneath the golden sun.

Look at that blacken'd heap—there once was seen
A humble cottage, yet with wild flowers fair,
And children played on that neglected green,
For peace had made her happy dwelling there.
Nor sin, or death, or misery had come
To cast on that fair scene its fatal blight :
They had not found that wild sequester'd home—
It knew no shadow, all was gay and bright.
Unclouded joy on earth ! Oh ! may it dwell ?
Hark to that answer—'tis the passing bell !

What place so fair, but sorrow may intrude ?
What heart so pure, that treachery may not stain ?
Those gentle children they were fair and good,
But are not all the heirs of sin and pain ?
Bright years roll'd on ; the certain hand of time
Open'd those blossoms, growing side by side,
Till now they stood in all their youthful prime,
And needed all a mother's care to guide.
Alas ! their beauty was her joy and care—
She lived but in her lovely children's smile ;
But heeded not the cankerworm was there,
And would too soon her fairest flower defile,—
That vanity could ring as sure a knell,
To peace and joy, as that sad passing bell.

Deep in the heart of one fair girl it dwelt,
And soon it pierc'd the bosom where it grew ;
Its scorpion sting too soon, alas ! was felt,
Ere the poor victim all its treachery knew.
The bland seducer came with winning art,
To outward seeming gentle, good, and kind :
Poor Mary yielded her young simple heart,—
Oh, love ! how true it is that thou art blind.
And, in the darkness of the silent night,
She fled from home, once to her heart so dear :
Her lover waits, together they take flight,
And soon embark from Douglas' noble pier ;
And now to earthly hope she breathes farewell—
That step has rung of happiness the knell.

She bids adieu to her fair native isle,
While keen remorse drew forth the bitter tear ;
But still cheer'd on by her seducer's smile,
Who soothes her grief and lulls each anxious fear,
She tries to stay the throbbing of her heart,
Yet still weeps on for those she leaves behind :
How can she from her gentle sister part,
That sweet companion, ever good and kind ?
The vessel bears her o'er the ocean wave,
The shore is fast receding from her sight.
Better, far better, had she found a grave
Beneath its billows, ever pure and bright ;
Better, oh ! better, had the village bell
Rang out for her its sad and last farewell.

For time, which once bore beauty on his wing,
Adding each day some new and soft'ning grace,
Would soon, alas ! but guilt and misery bring,
And cast its shadow o'er her lovely face :
Poor and deserted, hapless and forlorn,
Sinking still lower in the dark abyss,
Exposed to want, and misery, and scorn,
Could guilt have deeper pangs in store than this ?

Yes, wretched wand'rer! thou hast yet to bear
A pang, to thy still tender heart far worse,
One that might well have driv'n thee to despair—
Thou had'st to meet a father's bitter curse!
That was indeed of happiness the knell,
A sound more awful than the tolling bell.

She sought once more her long deserted home,—
Oh! would it yield her but a peaceful grave
She ne'er again from that sweet shade will roam,—
With humbled heart again she crossed the wave.
Oh! could a father turn his child away!

That gentle sister, must she plead in vain!
Unhappy parent, thy fell purpose stay;
Oh! take the outcast to thy heart again.
Stern Christian, think of Him whose blood was spilt
To free thy soul from sorrow and from sin:
Had He thus turned from misery and guilt,
How could'st thou hope Heaven's glorious gates to win,
When far and wide the trumpet's call shall swell,
On that last day, who then thy anguish tell!

Reckless and lost, now driv'n to despair,
The wand'rer turn'd to seek a distant shore;
The soften'd mother breathed for her a prayer,
And gave with trembling hand her little store.
From that lov'd home she turn'd, she cared not where,
With aching heart poor Mary wildly flew,
For hopeless misery was settled there;
Each well-known scene fresh tears of anguish drew—
A houseless wand'rer over hill and dale—
Gazed at with wonder and with pitying scorn.
At length she stopp'd, for now upon the gale
A bell was heard—it was a wedding morn:
She pray'd it soon might ring her parting knell,
And she might breathe in peace her last farewell.

Upon that morn bright smiling love had twined
A wreath to place upon her sister's brow,

While she, poor penitent, all hope resigned,
Sought but a shelter for her guilt and woe.
Her gentle sister, on that day a bride,
Like her must leave their childhood's happy home ;
But a beloved one would support and guide,
And watch her safely o'er the ocean's foam ;
Her aged parent's blessing would attend
Her steps where'er she went, and many a prayer ;
While she, alas ! without a home or friend,
Was left a prey to wild and deep despair ;
When, sternly driven from that sister's side,
The bitter curse still ringing on her ear,
She prayed that she too might become a bride,
And death's embrace freeze every starting tear.
Alas, forlorn one ! she had none to tell
Her where to look, her anguish to dispel.

Sad years fled by, the sorrowing mother wept,
Still prayed for that poor lost one, sunk in shame,
For conscience whisper'd, had not *duty* slept,
Disgrace had never branded that lov'd name ;
She felt how just the punishment now given,
And bowed submissive to an all-wise Power,—
Trusting she still should meet in yonder Heaven,
Unstain'd, unspotted, that *now* blighted flower.
But who may fathom Heaven's all-just decrees,
Oh ! who a gracious Father's mercy know ;
His hand can reach far o'er the spreading seas,
Recal the wand'rer in the hour of woe ;
His voice sounds farther than the sounding bell—
His voice alone can human sorrows quell.

Sad rumours reach'd that wretched outcast's ear,
It found its way e'en to the abode of shame :
It spoke of dread disease, of pain, and fear
In Mona's isle, blent with a mother's name.
In fear she listen'd—still that rumour spread—
Was not that heart with guilt yet harden'd ? No !
She heard with anguish of a mother dead,
Still deeper drank the bitter draught of woe ;

Each day now brought her a more dread account,
 Till stunn'd, aghast, her eyes could weep no more,
 Her frenzied grief had dried up sorrow's fount,
 And once again she sought her native shore.
 Alas ! the sound upon her ear that fell
 In that fair isle—it was the passing bell !

In fever'd haste to her lov'd home she flies,
 Ah ! what a scene of misery met her there ;
 Her ears were startled by a father's sighs,
 For dire disease swept o'er that home so fair.
 That sweet young sister, late a happy bride,
 Had nurs'd her mother with fond fatal care,
 Now in the grave was sleeping, by her side,
 And soon her husband join'd his lost one there.
 The poor heartstricken wand'rer rais'd the head
 Of the sole parent left her now to tend,
 And, oh ! she felt before his spirit fled
 That Heaven in mercy would that spirit bend.
 Her prayer was granted ere he breathed his last—
 A gleam of love on his pale features rest ;
 And ere from earth his flitting soul had past,
 He claspt the lost one to his throbbing breast ;
 And gentle peace now shed its holy spell,
 Soothing her spirit in that last farewell.

She too, dread Cholera, fell thy willing prey,
 But sure in pity that last blow was given ;
 And hope and mercy lent their cheering ray
 To light that gentle penitent to Heaven !
 No friend was near to soothe her last sad hour,
 Not one was found to approach that fatal place,—
 To bear to sacred ground that wither'd flower,
 Or plead for her a blest Redeemer's grace.
 Look at that ruin ! Is it time's decay ?*

He comes not with such rude and rapid strides :

* This story is founded on fact. During the time of the cholera in the years 1834-5, a whole family, living in a cottage on one of its lonely mountains, fell its prey. The panic was so great that no person could be found to nurse the sick or bury the dead : they tended

That home has been to fire's dread power a prey,
Stern desolation in that place abides.
Destructive element, thou aid'st full well
The dire disease ! Hark to the passing bell !

Look on yon churchyard—see the lengthened rows
Of new-made mounds, with each a small white stone,
Alas ! they tell a tale of human woes,
Of youth and age alike from kindred flown ;
No name, no eulogy,—the date alone
Is all on which the passer-by may look ;
But all their virtues, sorrows, sins, are known,
And register'd above in Heaven's own book.
Justice serene and calm that book indites,
While gentle Mercy the dread letters trace,
And oft the condemnation that she writes
Her tears of pity from the page efface.
The love that “ bade the guilty sin no more,”
Breathing sweet words of comfort and of peace,
Will welcome to that bright eternal shore
Each wearied wand'rer,—where all griefs will cease.
There with rejoicing angels they will dwell,
While seraph's harps shall their glad anthems swell !

EASTER MONDAY.

SEE how the golden sun is gleaming
Brightly o'er Mona's lovely bay,
While the gay banners, blithely streaming,
Proclaim a festive holiday.

each other till the last died, who was, as related, a child who had been discarded for misconduct, and who only returned in time to nurse the sole remaining parent, and to sink under the disease. The cottage and furniture were burnt, and, it is said, the dead bodies of parent and child with them.

Loud, loud, the merry bells are ringing,
Pouring their glad and joyous peal ;
While youths and maidens, gaily singing,
Love, mirth, and happiness reveal.

Oh ! see what bright and youthful faces
Are flocking now to Douglas' pier,
In eager haste to take their places
In those gay boats now waiting there.

How beautiful the sparkling waters
On which those painted shells now rest,
But still more lovely Mona's daughters,
As pure and light each gentle breast.

Those little boats are gaily laden :
Many a happy favour'd youth,
Many a fair and lovely maiden,
Are hast'ning now to plight their truth.

They never heed the wind or weather,
In light and gay attire they flock ;
Those happy lovers met together
To sail round good St. Mary's rock !

For they are doom'd to wear the willow,
('Tis thus the ancient gossips say),
Who fear to trust the treach'rous billow
And seek St. Mary's rock this day.

Love, o'er fear and cold prevailing,
Guides them in safety o'er the sea ;
And while the barks are gaily sailing
They sing their songs of jubilee.

Tho' oft their bright and golden tresses,
Pride of many a mountain home,
Are, like their white and spotless dresses,
Drench'd by ocean's briny foam.

For calmly as it now reposes,
Too often will a sudden gale
Chase from the cheek its blushing roses,
And change it to the lily pale.

Then might be seen the fond lip pressing
The lovely cheek thus blanch'd by fear
The anxious tenderness expressing,
Of true affection, warm, sincere !

And while to soothing words she listens,
How pure the gem that lights her eye ;
Not brighter the bright wave that glistens
Beneath the blue and brilliant sky.

As amid sea-birds wildly splashing,
A startled and a screaming flock,
And through the waters, brightly flashing,
They land upon St. Mary's rock.

Yes ! with this simple wild devotion
They've left awhile fair Mona's shore,
And, trusting to the restless ocean,
St. Mary's blessing they implore.

Benignant, smile on the unwary,
Thy choicest gifts on them bestow ;
Bless them, gentle good St. Mary,
Watch over them in weal or woe.

And when embarked on life's wide ocean
Bear them in safety o'er its wave :
Let love, with sweet and fond devotion,
Gladden their pathway to the grave.

Should they be tossed by Fate's rude billows,
Oh ! may they safely stem the tide ;
And guardian angels watch the pillows
Of every happy youthful bride.

And may the golden sun, now shedding
O'er them his warm and genial ray,
Long shine upon each happy wedding,
And bless with smiles each Easter day !

SONG.

AIR—" *The Rose-tree in full bearing.*"

No more we roam delighted
Through scenes we both too fondly love,
Yet still, with hearts united,
Affection's sweetest powers we'll prove ;
For, tho' the sea must sever
Our forms, and sorrow's tide we stem,
Our thoughts still cling together,
Fate can have no control o'er them.

The evening ray now trembles
Upon the wide and troubled sea,—
How sweetly it resembles
The parting glance that beam'd on me ;
For till that ray shall waken
No light will shine on ocean's breast,
Nor can I, while forsaken,
By that sweet smile of love be blest.

TRADITION OF THE CALF OF MAN.*

THERE, in the lonely Calf of Man,
Far sever'd from the human race,

* An island about three miles from that of Man. It is about five miles in circumference, and on the highest point is shewn the ruins of a hut called the Hermit's dwelling. The place is frequently visited in summer by strangers. It is a dreary spot, without shelter or picturesque beauty. A light-house and one farm-house was all it contained in the year 1833-4.

(For so the ancient story ran),
A murderer* prayed to Heaven for grace.

Meet refuge was that barren isle
For misery to hide its head,
When wearied with false pleasure's smile,
When peace was gone, when hope was fled.

There the wild sea-bird builds her nest,
And fills the air with plaintive cries,—
Fit music for the aching breast
To mingle with its bitter sighs.

The billows dash their angry foam
'Mid blacken'd rocks, that fiercely raise
Their giant heads round that drear home
Where the lone hermit spent his days.

He fled from England's court to dwell
In lonely desolation there :
Could solitude his terrors quell,
Or soothe the anguish of despair ?

No ! in that dreariness profound
His shuddering fancy still would hear
His victim's cries in every sound,
Making that solitude more drear.

And few who looked on that stern brow,
With lines of woe so deeply traced,
The gallant favourite might know
Elizabeth's gay court that graced.

* Tradition says the Calf of Man has been sought as a refuge, at different times, by guilty and eccentric characters. The first mentioned was one distinguished at the court of Elizabeth (having, in a fit of jealousy, murdered a beautiful young woman to whom he was engaged), who, either to escape justice or to do penance for the rash and cruel act, sought this dreary solitude, where he died.

The hand of Justice might be stayed,
Her flaming sword by power be sheathed,
But conscience sleeps not undismayed,—
It probed his heart, his bosom scathed.

Mysterious the decrees of Fate !
It was no dark malignant foe
That fell the victim of his hate,
But one as pure as spotless snow.

Blind Jealousy, with fatal power,
Shed o'er his heart its withering spell,
And in one short, one little hour,
He bade to love and joy farewell !

Now branded with the curse of Cain,
A wand'rer on life's troubled sea,
He sought for peace, but sought in vain :
Where could the wretched murd'rer flee ?

No friendly hand *his* hand might clasp,
No loving heart love's task fulfil,
For cold and stiff in death's firm grasp,
Was she, who would have lov'd him still.

Who would have lov'd, had Fortune changed
And turned from him her flatt'ring smile ;
O'er the wide world with him have ranged,
Or cheer'd him in that lonely isle.

Oh ! how could foul suspicion dare
To breathe upon the spotless name
Of one, so gentle, and so fair,
So pure of heart, so free from blame.

And the belov'd one, could he gaze
Upon that sweet, that open brow,
Yet still the fatal weapon raise,
To lay that lovely flower low.

Oh ! could he look into those eyes,
As soft and as serenely blue
As her own sweet summer skies,
And deem the love they told, untrue.

Yes ! madness urged the cruel deed,
For treachery was whispering there ;
His aching heart the tale believed,
And all was chaos, gloom, despair !

When from those truthful lips there fell
The murmur'd words, " this heart was yours,"
Oh ! who the agony may tell
The wretched murderer then endures ?

He fled alike from friend and foe,
With raging madness in his breast ;
He fled from justice, not from woe,
How should the guilty hope for rest ?

Ere he attained to manhood's prime,
A wretched outcast he was driv'n,
To expiate that fatal crime,
To *fast* and *pray*, to be *forgiv'n*.

To be *forgiv'n* ! and could he dare
To raise his suppliant voice on high ?
Oh ! could he hope for pardon there,
For that foul crime of deepest dye ?

Kneeling upon the rugged rock,
He heeded not the tempest's rage ;
He bared his brow, to meet the shock,
And sought God's anger to assuage.

In days of fasting, nights of pray'r,
His ebon locks were changed to grey :
At length an *aged* man was there,
Health, youth, and strength had pass'd away !

But in their place, a holy calm
Had spread upon his furrow'd brow,
Religion's soft and healing balm
Could even soothe a *murderer's* woe!

Its voice had answer'd to his sigh
In tones of gentle pity full :
"Thy sins, they were of scarlet dye,
Of crimson, but are now as wool."

Blest words of hope, blest words of peace—
They cheer'd the penitent's sad breast ;
He found the bourne where sorrows cease,
His wearied heart at length found rest.

Gay bounding footsteps often roam
Near that stupendous cliff, to view
The ruin of the murderer's home—
With awe and pity ever new.

Bared to the fury of the storm,
A narrow entrance shows the way
Where the lone hermit's bending form
Sought refuge from the light of day.

And still the wild and foaming deep
May dash o'er him its briny wave ;
It will not rouse his peaceful sleep,
Or break the quiet of the grave!

Now, adieu to fair Mona, sweet Port e Chee !*
Enshrined in my heart will thy memory be ;
Lost friends, beloved scenes, may Heav'n still smile,
Still prosper and bless thee, thou beautiful isle !

* Haven of rest.

TO POESY.

OH ! leave me not, sweet Poesy !
 Dear soother of a lonely hour ;
 Most sad, most lonely should I be,
 Without thy magic power.

Oh ! wait till Time has set his seal
 Upon this throbbing heart :
 It still can glow, it still can feel,
 Then do not yet depart.

Love, Memory, Hope, these still are mine—
 All attributes of thee ;
 And offer'd at thy gentle shrine,
 Spirit of Poesy !

Thy breath is on the deep blue sea,
 O'er all that's bright and fair,—
 On rugged rocks, the waving tree,—
 Oh ! thou art everywhere.

If I inhale a scented flower,
 Or hear a bird rejoice,
 My heart still asks thy magic power
 To give my pleasure voice.

Whether I look on the bright skies,
 Or breathe the morning air,
 Or watch the rainbow's varied dyes,
 Thy spirit still is there.

Then do not yet thy wings unfold,—
 Oh ! stay awhile thy flight ;
 This world to me were drear and cold
 Without thy soothing light.

Then, gentle spirit, linger yet,
While still this heart can glow ;
Till Time his rugged seal has set
Upon thy votary's brow.

ON READING A COMPLAINT,

THAT WE LOOK WITH INDIFFERENCE ON THE VARYING
BEAUTY OF THE SKIES.

THE wond'rous firmament, the changing skies,
Where hour by hour we see new beauties rise ;
Where, in the depths of that unmeasured space,
Each planet moves in its appointed place,—
Sustained and guided by a Hand divine,
O'er distant realms their glorious beauties shine !
Oh ! what were earth without their radiant light ?
A dreary blank of never-ending night.
Then say not, say not, that we do not prize
The wond'rous beauty of the changing skies :
We bless the love that to our sight has given
Those shining gems which pave the floor of Heaven.

The watchful mariner, with anxious look,
Reads those fair skies as Heaven's own glorious book—
Well skilled to know, in each cloud's varying form,
The sure prediction of the coming storm ;
Tho' all untaught, still does he feel and know
The hand which spares, the hand which deals the blow
Darkness may gather, but he looks above,—
One star still guides him like the eye of love !
And, while reflected on the watery deep,
Seems o'er his path a double watch to keep :
As the pure smile an infant's lips that grace
Is still reflected on the mother's face,

That silvery star still cheers his lonely way,
Till in the east he sees the dawn of day.

Oh ! who with cold indifference would see
The rising sun in all his brilliancy
Lighting the glowing east with varied hues—
Can man to look on such a scene refuse ?
No ! wake, dull slumberer, raise thy languid eyes,
And praise the God who formed those glorious skies.
All nature smiles when, rising over head,
O'er the glad earth the sun's warm beams are shed ;
And earth, sea, sky, in gorgeous colours dress'd,
Woo his last smile ere sinking in the west.
Oh ! who may look, with cold or careless eyes,
On the bright glory of the western skies.

Go, ask the captive, in his narrow cell,
What the last hope his throbbing breast must swell :
His fondest wish, his latest prayer, will be,
Once more to look on Heaven's blue canopy.

Shut from the painter the fair light of Heaven,
Where is the skill that once to him was given ?
To paint sweet nature in her various shades,
His hand is powerless, drooping memory fades.

Ask of the poet whence his favourite theme,
His *fairest* visions and his *brightest* dream—
What most his glowing heart, his verse inspires—
Will he not point to those ethereal fires,
And to those varying clouds, that hang in space,
Lending those orbs a softer purer grace ?
Sun, moon, and stars must still his pen inspire :
Robbed of those lights, pale genius would expire.
However blind, still man must dearly prize
The glorious beauties of the changing skies ;
And still will look on that blue vault above—
Still feel that “ love is Heaven, and Heaven is love ! ”

ON HEARING OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE SOON AFTER
THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ADELAIDE.

WE mourn'd the dead, the Princely dead,
Borne from her regal home away ;
We wept a gentle spirit fled
From its frail tenement of clay ;
A sister from a brother's side,
His faithful counsellor and guide.

We mourn'd the dead, the much-loved dead,
Laid in the cold and silent tomb ;
In that last lonely, dreary bed,
Mortality's unfailing doom !
Where cypress boughs, and soft winds sigh,
And night-birds make their mournful cry.

We mourn'd the dead, the happy dead,
Called, by a kind and pitying God,
To seek her rest ere he had spread
O'er fated France his chast'ning rod ;
To spare that fair and gentle form
The horrors of the coming storm.

Then weep no more the holy dead,
In tender mercy snatch'd away
From scenes of strife, and gently led
To regions of eternal day,
There to await, in realms above,
The brother of her earthly love.

Blest are the dead, the peaceful dead, .
They weep not for their country's woes ;
Oblivion has its darkness shed
Upon their calm and placid brows ;
Disturbed no more by Fortune's frown,
There they await a Heavenly crown !

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY ! thy form is everywhere
 Thrown o'er this world of ours ;
 'Tis not alone when sunlight rests
 Upon earth's radiant flowers,
 Or on the soft and brilliant dyes
 That tint the rainbow's form,
 Which, thrown across the golden skies,
 Tells of the passing storm,
 But when the vivid lightning's flash
 Spreads its broad flame on high,
 And the dread thunder's awful crash
 Bends the low dark'ning sky !
 When winter gems the glist'ning plains
 And hoar frost hangs around,
 Oh ! not alone when summer reigns
 The beautiful is found.

It dwells where never foot of man
 Hath ventured yet to press,
 On the drear desert's sandy plain,
 In the lone wilderness.
 I see it in the waving trees,
 As gracefully they bend
 Their branches to the melodies,
 That love and nature lend.
 Upon the vast and pathless ocean
 When rude winds o'er it sweep,
 Stirring to strange wild emotion
 The waters of the deep ;
 Casting their foaming billows now
 Upon the rocky height,
 Which lifts its proud and rugged brow
 High into space and light.

It rests upon the moon's pale beam,
Gilding the peaceful grave,
Where cypress in funereal green
Their mournful branches wave ;
Hovering o'er the lowly bed,
The still, the quiet tomb,
Like rays of mercy, softly shed,
Dispelling doubt and gloom.
It sparkles in each drop of dew,
That hangs so bright and clear,
Upon the leaves of the dark yew
Like Pity's gentle tear.
And on the bare and leafless trees,
When all around is dull,
In nature's wildest melodies,
There mourns the beautiful !

It spreads its ever restless wing,
Its ever changing form,
Upon the earth, upon the sea,
In sunshine, and in storm.
Its gems are scattered o'er our path,
Subduing grief and strife,
It gladdens too the peaceful hearth
In every stage of life.
On childhood's bright and dimpled cheek,
On age's silvered brow,
Beauty in all, in each, can speak
And bid the bosom glow.
Long may it cast its softening spell
O'er every heart and mind,
And prove a bright exhaustless well
Of love, to all mankind !

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE ACCOUNT OF
THE LATE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

MOURN ye, tender mothers, mourn
The troubled scenes of life ;
Loved ones from thy bosoms torn
By anarchy and strife.
Mourn, tender mothers, mourn and pray ;
Mourn for those loved ones led astray.

Weep ye, gentle ones of earth,
Each fair and anxious wife,
For the lone deserted hearth—
Weep for the ills now rife ;
That smiling Peace has fled away ;
Wives, mothers, sisters, mourn and pray.

Kind pitying Christians, weep,
Weep for the unprepared :
Reposing in their last long sleep,
By sin, by Satan, snared.
Oh ! pious Christians, weep and pray
For mercy at the judgment day !

“ WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.”

OH ! weep not for the sailor within his watery grave,
For quiet is *his* peaceful rest beneath the dark blue wave ;
But weep for those who mourn him, and may not deck his bier,
Or shed upon his pallid face love's latest gift—a *tear*.
In vain they place his wonted seat, they spread his couch in vain,
His stiffen'd limbs will never press that downy bed again ;
For the lonely and bereaved reserve thy pitying tear,
For He alone who dealt the blow their wounded hearts can cheer !

Oh ! weep not for the soldier, he died amidst the brave—
 He fought for honour, and he rests within an honour'd grave :
 Tho' his dying pillow was the sod on which he bled,
 He sleeps in peace, and glory wreathes her laurels round his head.
 The shout of triumph that proclaims the victory is won,
 Can rouse him not, nor can he see the havoc it has done :
 For the widow and the orphan reserve thy pitying tear,
 For He alone who dealt the blow their wounded hearts can cheer !

Oh ! weep not for the infant who in life's early bloom
 Resigns its mother's gentle breast, and seeks the silent tomb !
 She lays beneath the dewy sod, the hope of future years,
 And the sweet fount that nourish'd it is turned to bitter tears ;
 But peace around its radiant brow will purest lustre shed,
 For with its latest breath the taint of sin and sorrow fled.
 Mourn not the dead ! they calmly sleep, by no dark care oppress,
 " Where the wicked cease from troubling," the weary are at rest !

THE ISLAND FUNERAL.

THE little boats are gathering fast
 From every island round ;
 See how they stem the wintry blast,
 Oh ! whither are they bound ?
 To that wild shore, where many a sea-girt grave
 Lies at the mercy of the rolling wave.

And hoary-headed Time will see
 Those slumberers scattered wide,
 And friend and relative will be
 No longer side by side.
 The sea, the dark blue sea, will be their grave,
 And their low requiem the murmuring wave.

No Pastor here with gentle hand*
Leads us the holy way ;
A lone, neglected little band,
Thro' life's rough path we stray.
Yet Nature speaks e'en from the new turned sod,
And bids us seek it thro' the Book of God.

And shall we turn a deafened ear
To her maternal voice,
Ye mourners round the silent bier,
Oh ! hear her and rejoice !
Turn thy sad heart to that bright promised shore,
Where child and parent meet, to part no more.

See how the humble man of worth,
On pious deed intent,
From his low dwelling cometh forth,
His brow in sorrow bent :
Bows his meek head to God's almighty will,
And takes the office none are there to fill.

Oh ! scoff not at his heart-felt prayer
Or his unlettered phrase,
But in his holy purpose share
And join his hymn of praise.
That prayer will reach a throne of Heav'nly grace,
Where hearts that seek will find a resting place.

'Tis done, they've laid her in the tomb,
Near the dark rolling tide :
It is mortality's sad doom ;
Ye mourners turn aside
To that sweet hope a pitying Saviour gave
Of joy, of endless joy, beyond the grave !

* Indian Island, in the Bay of Fundy, possesses not the advantage of a church or regular pastor ; the service is occasionally performed by a Church of England, and sometimes by a Dissenting, minister. A piece of ground has been consecrated as a burial-place, and the service is frequently read by a resident. The one alluded to here is of humble station but great worth.

ON SEEING A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE ON THE
BROW OF A MOUNTAIN.

I'LL heed it not, that sunny gleam,
Which shines upon yon mountain's brow,
And gilds with varied hues the stream
That glides so rapidly below.

May ere I reach its rugged height,
Far, far away, be brightly glowing,
No more may lend its fickle light,
And that dark stream be darkly flowing.

Too much it looks like pleasure's ray
Which oft that smile delights to borrow,
Then leaves the heart all bright to-day,
Drooping ere night in silent sorrow.

I better love that lonely star
Which every eve, so sweetly shining,
Sheds o'er yon steep its lustre far,
When other lights are fast declining.

Oh! thus may sweet affection cheer
Our hearts, when youth can charm no more;
Thus may those eyes, for ever dear,
Beam with love's light on this wild shore.

Or should an early tomb be mine,
When they shall seek me o'er the wave,
May that loved night-star sweetly shine
To light them to my lonely grave.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A BELOVED SISTER.

I gazed on the vessel, my sister ! that bore thee,
 As proudly she ploughed o'er the billowy foam ;
 And breathed a fond prayer that she'd safely restore thee
 To hearts that were yearning to welcome thee home.

The sunbeams shone bright on the beautiful ocean,
 The breeze fill'd her sails—she was lost to my view ;
 Yet Hope sweetly soothed my heart's painful emotion,—
 She told me that Heaven would watch over you.

When the storm fiends arose, and with fury were raging,
 I thought of the sunbeam that gilded her bow ;
 Still Hope gently whisper'd, my terrors assuaging,
 “ The eye of Omnipotence watches her now.”

Those feelings are past, love ! yet oft in my dreaming
 I think thee exposed to those dangers again ;
 And start, for I fancy the sea-bird's wild screaming
 Portending a storm on the terrible main.

Oh ! then, with what fervent, what heartfelt devotion,
 I thank that great Being whose power could save ;
 Who can calm the rude waves of the turbulent ocean,
 Or bid them become the poor mariner's grave !

TO AN ABSENT SISTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

OH ! would that some soft fragrant zephyr might bear
 Our fond wishes across the blue sea,
 And whispering tell, love ! that many a prayer
 Is offer'd this morning for thee.

We bless the warm sunshine, and love it the more,
That it beams on thy fair lovely isle,
That it gilds its wild waves and rock-girded shore,
And gladdens thy home with its smile.

And as we look up to spring's varying sky,
We pray that her soft breath may bring
The sweet light of hope to thy soul-beaming eye,
Health and peace on her bright azure wing.

By the rude storms of life, tho' thy spirit be bowed
Like one of spring's fair fragile flowers,
"There's a bright silver lining to every cloud,"
And sunshine still follows her showers.

May the blossoms of Hope be strewn o'er thy path,
And Affection's warm beautiful smile
On the pure lip of childhood still brighten thy hearth,
And illumine thy lone little isle.

May an all-seeing eye, and life-giving Power,
Grant thee many returns of the day;
Thy sorrows be brief as an April shower,
When chased by the sunlight away.

He who gave to the Heavens the bright stars of night,
And set bounds to the fathomless sea,—
May He shed o'er thy bosom that purest of light,
May the light of his love dwell with thee!

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

HE who from yon high vaulted Heaven
The bright unnumber'd host has given,
Of shining stars, a glittering band,
To lighten every distant land;
He who can bid the winds be still,
Calm the rude storms at his high will;

Can He not, in his mercy kind,
 Bring peace unto the troubled mind ?
 Bid gloomy thoughts disperse and fly,
 Like clouds upon an April sky ?
 Oh, yes ! then still, in patience meek,
 In prayer and praise, that mercy seek ;
 Raise thy sad thoughts from earth, nor rest
 Till thou art with his blessing blest.
 Then calmly on his love repose :
 'Twill be to thee like summer's rose,
 Diffusing sweets where'er it blows,—
 'Twill speak of peace, of sins forgiven,
 And guide thee on thy path to Heaven !

 LINES.

THE moon on the ocean shines sweetly to-night,
 She tranquilly smiles on her mirror of light,
 And reflects her bright form on the billow :
 How sweetly she lulls the sad heart to repose,
 While it feels that it holds gentle converse with those
 Who rest on a far distant pillow.

The mountains and rocks cast a mantle of gloom,
 Reminding the heart of mortality's doom
 In this scene of enchantment and light ;
 We should dream that our lives might flow calmly serene,
 Unruffled by storms, like this beautiful scene,
 If *they* too like the ocean were bright.

They look like the clouds disappointment will cast
 O'er hopes far too bright, too enchanting to last,
 When all that is lovely must perish ;
 We gaily embark on life's treach'rous wave,
 But, alas ! from the wreck we are able to save
 But few of the *joys* we would cherish !

All the gems that in Fortune's gay coronet shine
How gladly this poor simple heart would resign,
For those pleasures, so calm and serene ;
To gaze on the moonlight, on ocean's clear breast,
United to those whom my heart loves the best,
And forget the gay world's busy scene !

ON SEEING A YOUNG CRIPPLE AT ***** CHURCH,
GUERNSEY.

It haunts me still, that gentle face,
So pale, so calm, so fair,
Bow'd with such meek and touching grace
In the blest house of prayer.

Oh ! none can doubt Religion's power
To pour its healing balm,
Who looks on that pale drooping flower—
So tranquil, still, and calm.

But that she turns her mournful eyes
Oft from the Sacred Book,
Up to the soft blue summer skies
With Faith's sweet trustful look,

We well might think her spirit flown
To realms of purer bliss,
And that her fragile form alone
Was ling'ring in this.

Those crutches resting by her side
Her tale of sorrow tell,—
Of youth's gay pleasures now denied,
Loved once, perhaps, too well.

No more, sweet sufferer, may you roam
Beside the sparkling sea,
Chasing its ever restless foam,
Yourself as wild and free.

The rugged rocks you once could climb
Free as the young gazelle,
But pale disease, more swift than time,
Has rung her fatal knell.

Yet, gentle girl, more blest art thou
Than some with boastful health,
Thou hast a calm upon thy brow,
Nor gained by health or wealth.

There kneeling at that holy shrine
All earthly sorrows fade,
When list'ning to those Truths Divine
Thou need'st no other aid.

Ye still can hear the feather'd throng
Pour forth their cheerful lays,
And, joining in the grateful song,
Can "sing thy Maker's praise."

You still can love the scented flowers,
Feel the soft breath of spring;
The cuckoo's note amid the bowers
Sweet memories can bring.

Have learned, when pain and suffering racks,
To lean on Him in need,
Who will not "quench the smoking flax,"
Or "break the bruised reed!"

Thrice happy thou! his love will shed,
E'en on the couch of pain,
A halo round thy dying bed,
And "death to thee be gain!"

ON SEEING A ROSE-TREE STRIPPED OF ITS
FLOWERS BY AN AUTUMNAL WIND.

SEE the wild breeze, amidst the roses playing,
Strews o'er our pathway many a faded leaf :
'Tis thus the bloom of youthful hearts, decaying,
Prove pleasure's flowers as fragile and as brief !

In youth's gay morn our every thought reposes
In Fancy's garden, fair and fragrant too ;
Hope's sunny beams deck every path with roses,
And hide each thorn from our enchanted view.

But often, ere our morn of life is past,
Portentous clouds obscure her transient ray,
And every flower by sorrow's keenest blast
Is swept from our young hearts, and fades away.

Nought could be brighter than the fragrant form
Of those sweet buds with many a varied hue,
But sever'd now, by autumn's wildest storm,
They bid their fost'ring stem a long adieu.

And thus, alas ! the joys our bosoms cherish,
Ere we have ceas'd to fold them with delight,
Beneath the cloud of destiny may perish,
And leave our youthful hearts in misery's night.

GOD IS NEAR.

OH ! who can look on nature's face,
Her ever varying beauty trace,—
Look on this earth, the sky above,
Nor feel there is a God of love !

When from the depths of night profound
The light of day is shed around,
Does not this fair, this wondrous sphere,
Speak to the heart that God is near ?
To watch the glorious sun first rise,
While crimsoning the eastern skies,—
To mark him rising in his power,
Till in the noontide's burning hour
His beams are shed o'er earth and sea
In all their light and brilliancy,—
Must we not feel a hand Divine
Has bade those rays of glory shine ?
When in the far and glowing west
From his bright course he seems to rest,
Reclining on his golden pillow,
Now mirror'd in the shining billow,
When sinking still his radiant brow
Our glorious sun's departing now,
We turn to meet his farewell smile
And think of nature's God the while,
Shall we not breathe a heartfelt prayer,
And feel that He is everywhere ;
That, guided by his hand Divine,
That sun on other lands will shine,
While the fair moon now takes his place,
Shedding o'er earth a gentler grace,
And on our 'rapt and wond'ring sight
Beams in soft beauty thro' the night,
And myriad stars, like watchful eyes,
Now fill with light the deepening skies,—
Those brilliant gems, "so bright, so fair,"
Speak to the heart that God is there !

'Tis sweet to watch the floweret's birth
When spring is smiling o'er the earth ;
The lovely leaves, all gemmed with dew,
Sparkling beneath her skies of blue ;
To hear the whisp'ring summer breeze
Stirring the foliage of the trees ;

While the free birds, like "winged flowers,"
Carol amid their fragrant bowers,
And nature still each note prolongs,
Echoing back their grateful songs :
That joyous music, sweet and clear,
Tells the glad heart that God is near !

'Tis sweet to wander o'er the strand,
And think of that creative hand
Who gave those seas, so bright and free,
Their space, their depth, and brilliancy !
That He alone can curb their will,—
Say to the waters, "peace, be still !"
He who can check their angry strife,
Breathed in our frames the breath of life ;
He gave us feeling, reason, sense,
To worship his omnipotence ;
He gave us youth, which, like the spring,
Was bright with Hope's sweet blossoming ;
And like fair summer's rosy hours
He strews maturer years with flowers ;
And as the autumn still looks gay
With leaves all bright in their decay,
So, when the prime of life is flown,
Sweet memory cheers when pleasure's gone.
He gives, to bless the wintry scene,
The bright and glossy evergreen,
With many a wreath of spotless snow
To soften winter's icy brow,
And many a clear and sparkling gem
To form his wintry diadem,
And bids pure Faith, with truthful light,
Rob age of all its gloom and night :
Thus life is like the changing year,
Thus tells the heart that God is near !
Bidding us look beyond the tomb
For joys that will for ever bloom,
In those fair glorious realms above
Where all is lasting peace and love.

The flowers of earth may meet decay,
And this world's pleasures fade away,
Or like the ocean, ebb and flow,
While on our pilgrimage below ;
But, oh ! eternal spring dwells there,
And "angels ever bright and fair,"
With Heavenly harps proclaim that still
Our God the universe can fill :
He is the source of all that's bright,
He is our time, our space, our light !

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

I looked on the ocean, so peaceful and still,
All trace of its storms had pass'd by ;
The hand that had roused them could calm them at will,
And hang his bright arch in the sky.

And my prayer rose to Him, that Saviour of love,
Who walked on the perilous deep ;
Who for us left those regions of glory above—
A promise of mercy to keep.

I look'd on the Heavens, tho' cheerless and grey,
One beautiful star linger'd there ;
And I thought that its gentle and tremulous ray
Shone like hope on the bosom of care.

Meet herald, sweet star ! was thy beautiful light
To usher a glorious day,
When a blessed Redeemer dispell'd our dark night,
And the sins of the world took away.

I looked on the east, where the glorious sun
Now shone like a smile from above,
And Hope fondly whisper'd, "Sweet mercy is won
Thro' thy Saviour's all pitying love."

Thus may Faith hand in hand with Hope lead us on,
 And still may we fervently pray,
 That when life and its pleasures are faded and gone,
 We may rise to eternity's day.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

PALE tranquil moon, thy melancholy light
 Now sheds its radiance o'er the valley far,
 And near thee, thy companion of the night,
 Shines forth in loveliness—the evening star.

Dearly I love to wander when thy ray
 Robs all the landscape of its sable gloom,
 And mark thy beams as pensively they stray
 To gild awhile the solitary tomb ;

And think of those blest few whose bodies rest
 Calmly and peacefully beneath the sod,
 Whose spirits now, in happier regions blest,
 Lay on the bosom of their Saviour God !

And could we wish them with us to remain,
 To sojourn longer in this world of strife,
 Who now, exempt from every care and pain,
 Enjoy the bliss of everlasting life ?

Yes ! many a heart has wept their early doom,
 Nor sought its burst of anguish to controul ;
 For who can view the silence of the tomb,
 Nor shed a tear for the departing soul ?

Who that has sought to rear with tender care
 Some plant whose branches ask a warmer birth,
 Would not regret to part with one so fair,
 Though it might flourish in its native earth ?

And thus when sever'd from some valued friend,
Whom God in kindness for a time has given,
Over the tomb in agony we bend,—
And mourn that he should seek his kindred Heav'n !

LIGHT.

To the sad watcher of the night
How welcome is the ray,
The faintest ray, of morning light,
From the bright orb of day ;

Till rising high, and higher now,
Cheering each lone retreat,
He gilds the mountain's rugged brow,
And the flow'rs at our feet.

And soothing is the twilight hour
When in the glorious west
He lingers, ere he yields his power,
Then leaves the world to rest.

Or if from yon fair orb of light
Still welcome is the ray,
When sailing thro' the clouds of night
She takes her star-lit way.

Then let us raise our thankful eyes
To that creative Power,
Which gives such glory to the skies—
Such beauty to each flower.

But most of all for that pure light—
All other lights above,
Whose power can clear the darkest night—
The light of *truth* and love.

Oh! may that holy ray be found,
 When yielding our last breath,
 Shedding its sacred halo round
 Our peaceful bed of death!

For it alone has power to quell
 Our anguish and our fears,
 Rob of its pang the last farewell,
 And dry the mourner's tears.

What then is light?—a ray Divine
 In love, in mercy, given,
 O'er the dark soul of man to shine,
 And lead him up to Heaven!

DARKNESS.

THERE is darkness still deeper than night's sombre shade,
 'Tis when grief's deepest hue does the bosom invade,
 When the hope that has cheer'd us through life with its ray,
 Extinguish'd 'neath destiny's drop, dies away;
 But there's darkness still deeper than grief, more profound,
 In the Atheist's bosom alone to be found:
 Dark as the storm when at midnight it rages,
 Dread as the cavern ne'er enter'd for ages,
 Is the bosom of him who his Maker denies,
 Whom conviction assails but the moment he dies.
 If the clouds of this world lour deep on his brow,
 There's no future for him, his *being* is *now*:
 His night is eternal, and eternal his gloom,—
 Is there nought but the worm then he dreads in the tomb?
 Will no whispering voice when he yields his last breath
 Breathe a fear that there may be a scene after death?
 A future of bliss, or a future of pain,
 He has scoffed at, and treated his God with disdain.

But in the last hour ere the curtain shall close
And the *best* he may hope is dull torpid repose,
Will no doubt arise 'mid the gloom of despair,
That his soul with his body the worms may not share?
Oh, yes! there's a voice the most harden'd must hear—
'Tis a summons before the great Judge to appear;
Yes! at that awful hour will truth strike in the soul
With a force that his sophistry cannot control.
Conviction that bliss more than thought can conceive
Is the meed of the good who revere and believe,
That the spirit ethereal is quitting the clay
For eternity's night, or eternity's day!

SPRING FLOWERS.

TO EMMA.

YES, love! that blossom is most fair,
Bending in meek beauty there,
Pure as thy pure and spotless mind
Where all that's lovely is enshrined.
With joy we welcome the fair flower
Born in a dark and wintry hour,
And many a sweet and tuneful tongue,
Fair snowdrop, have thy praises sung.
We love to watch thy little bell
Bursting from its soft green shell,
In modest beauty drooping low
O'er its wintry bed of snow.
The blast that rends the forest tree
Sweeps over thee still harmlessly:
Like virtue, thy fair fragile form
Bends in submission to the storm,—
And waving on thy slender stem
We hail thee, winter's fairest gem!
Bright are the promises you bring,
Fair harbinger of coming spring.

In purple or in golden vest
The crocus too expands its breast,
With upturned look and smiling face
It meets the feeble sun's embrace ;
But tho' it sheds its brightness round,
Enlivening the frozen ground,
It cannot with life's rude winds cope,
But early crushed, like youthful hope,
Upon its cold and lowly bed
Lies withered when the storm has fled.
Thus youthful dreams soon fade away—
Thus early meet a sure decay—
And thus in life, to him who sees
The hand of God in every breeze,
In meek submission yielding still,
Bears up against each human ill :
The blast is harmless in its flight,—
They feel " whatever is, is right."

And many are the tuneful lays,
Sweet violet, to hymn thy praise :
We seek thee in thy lone retreat
Of modesty, an emblem sweet.
How lovely are thy leaves of blue,
Gemmed with the early morning dew ;
Tho' thou dost love to hide beneath
Thick clust'ring leaves, thy fragrant breath
Betrays thee in thy lonely bower,
And still we hail thee, friendship's flower.
But 'tis not meet for me to sing
Thy praises, favoured flowers of spring,
When many far more happy lays
So tunefully have sung thy praise.
Yet is there one bright child of spring
From nature's sleep awakening :
Oh ! may it not my sweet task be,
My childhood's flower, to welcome thee.
'Mid tangled weeds and tall grass rank,
Peeping from every mossy bank,

Brightening still the lone way side
With smiling looks of modest pride ;
Companion of the meadow's gem,
The daisy, on its slender stem
Her humblest and her hardest child,
Sweet cheerful primrose of the wild,
With thee we hail the cuckoo's note
And on the softening breezes float
Sounds of music, tuneful lays,
Hymning a Creator's praise.
Hardy child of early spring,
Sweet are the memories you bring ;
Recalling a dear happy home,
When in childhood we would roam
To seek thee out, my favourite flower,
And plant thee in our little bower.
Bright things of earth ye fade away,
Transcient and short your little day ;
And childhood's pleasures too are brief,
Oft followed by sad tears of grief !

Oh ! who that looks on this fair scene
Now clothed in bright and cheerful green,
Would think that sights and sounds of woe
Still darken o'er our path below,—
That ever thus in human life
Are mingled scenes of peace and strife.
But He who can renew the bloom
Of these sweet flowers, can chase the gloom,
And with a love that "passeth show"
Can mingle in our cup of woe
Hopes that point beyond the tomb,
That know no blight, or earthly doom.
The Hand that formed each tender flower,
And filled with music every bower,
Who taught the joyous bird its lay,
Will teach our anxious hearts to pray—
Will guide us with a hand of love
To never fading joys above.

Then welcome, lovely buds of spring,
Sweet are the hopes, the thoughts ye bring.
Oh! do not let us turn away,
Or think we cannot here be gay,
But join the sweet and tuneful throng
Now pouring forth their grateful song;
In useful kindness pass our days,
And give with them our heartfelt praise;
Like the fair snowdrop bending still
To our Heavenly Father's will,
Grateful for every blessing given,
Still fix our thoughts, our hopes, on Heaven.
In that fair land, a land of light,
They know not sorrow, sin, or blight;
No wintry skies will darkly lour,
No cankerworm destroy the flower;
No tempest, war, or civil strife
Shadow that bright eternal life.
In that fair glorious home of peace
"The wicked shall from troubling cease";
Transplanted to that land most blest
Earth's fragile flowers shall there find rest;
And happy, oh! thrice happy they,
Shall hear our gracious Saviour say:
"Ye blessed of my Father come,
Ye sought and find a Heavenly home."

THE SABBATH BELLS.

BLEST is this joyful morn of peace,
The holy Sabbath day;
All earthly cares awhile shall cease,
And Christians meet to pray.

Religion bears a healing balm
To the sad mourner's breast;
It spreads a soft and holy calm—
It gives the weary rest.

Oh, Lord ! assembled at thy shrine
We meet in hope and fear ;
Still guided by thy Hand Divine—
Still feeling, *Thou* art near.

The glorious sun is shedding now
His bright and golden ray
Upon the mountain's flower-crown'd brow,
Making the landscape gay.

How sweetly on the Christian's ear,
When on the gale it swells,
Is the blest sound borne far and near
Of our own Sabbath bells.

It is a summons from on high—
It is the Saviour's voice ;
His balm is offer'd for each sigh,
He bids our souls rejoice.

Then let us praise thee, God of Heaven !
For ev'ry chastening care,
As for each bounteous blessing given,
And seek thy house of prayer.

In simple faith and truth we'll bend,
In deep humility,
To thee, our God, our Saviour, friend,
In thy blest sanctuary !

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY EVENING.

FAIR lamp of Heaven ! thou sheddest round
Thy soft effulgent light,
Dispersing 'mid that vast profound
The sable clouds of night.

On cottage roof, or princely tower,
Alike thy beams are shed,
Upon the high-born sons of power,
Or humble peasant's head.

Far spreading o'er the mighty deep
Those rays of glory rest,
While in their light the billows sleep
On ocean's stern cold breast.

I love to raise my wond'ring eyes
Thy glorious path to trace,
And think, beyond those deep'ning skies
Lies God's own dwelling place.

This teeming earth, that pathless sea,
So beautiful, so fair,
And all that star-lit canopy
Shining in glory there,

Made by his hands, whose lips have blest
This sacred Sabbath eve :
Oh ! may I, on this day of rest,
His Gospel Truths receive.

Forgive me, if this day, oh, Lord !
Unworthily I've been
A guest at my Redeemer's board,—
Forgive this grievous sin.

And, as those rays are shed for all,
So may his love Divine
Upon each erring sinner fall,
And on their pathway shine.

Like the bright track on yon dark sea,
May Truth's sweet Heavenly ray
Upon my darken'd bosom be—
A light to cheer my way.

For his dear sake, whose blood was given,
Dispel my bosom's night;
And like yon glorious lamp of Heaven,
Turn darkness into light!

AUTUMN.

THERE is sadness in thy beauty,
Bright season of decay!
The morning dew hangs heavily
On many a wither'd spray:
Shining on the blighted leaves
Where late the rose hath been,
Where now the busy spider weaves
Its web 'mid fading green;
Glitt'ring in that golden gleam
Those quiv'ring dew-drops rest,
As transient as the fleeting dream
Which fills the youthful breast.

There is sadness in thy beauty,
Bright season of decay!
Tho' beautiful the varied leaves
Now scatter'd on our way.
Thy fitful breezes, sighing 'mid
The lone deserted bowers,
In mournful music seem to bid
Farewell to summer flowers;
As thro' the rustling leaves they pass
The stateliest trees are bowed,
While hoar-frost, on the meadow grass,
Hangs like a silver shroud.

There is sadness in thy beauty,
Bright season of decay!
For soon that bright and glitt'ring veil
Melts into tears away.

Thy smile is like the sudden blaze
Of a lamp's expiring light,
Which still emits the brightest rays
Ere sinking into night.
Yet 'mid all fair things perishing,
Breathing of nature's doom,
Hope whispers of the coming spring,
And smiles amidst the gloom.

There is sadness in thy beauty,
Bright season of decay !
Yet Hope, and Faith, point upward still
To a bright eternal day !

A HYMN.

Oh, Lord ! when at thy sacred shrine
I bend in humble prayer,
Oh ! let my thoughts be wholly thine,
And hushed each earth-born care.

Let no vain wand'ring thoughts find place
In my heart's prayer to thee,
But while I meekly wait thy grace,
And humbly bend the knee,

Oh ! let me feel thy Heav'nly love,
And feeling, learn to know
That gift, all other gifts above,
Which mercy can bestow.

Let no weak murm'ring discontent
Find entrance in my mind,
For sorrows still, in mercy sent,
Teach me to be resigned.

As dews refresh the summer flowers,
So may my sorrows be ;
My tears, like those refreshing showers,
Chast'ning and humbling me.

That, thro' our blest Redeemer's love,
My soul at length may rest
For ever in those realms above,
In regions of the blest !

THE INFANTS' GRAVES.

STRANGER ! observe awhile this little mound
Of mossy turf, (on this sequester'd isle*),
Which the tall fir trees cast their shadows round,
Where summer's sunbeams are not wont to smile,—
For its green verdure has, in vanish'd years,
Often been water'd by a mother's tears.

Yes, in this wild and solitary spot
Four infants rest within their narrow graves,
And here a mother mourn'd her hapless lot,
And woke to sympathy the murm'ring waves ;
Laid her sweet babes beneath the dewy sod,
And wept to yield her treasures to her God !

Art thou a mother ? have thy pulses throbb'd
With the deep agony of that sad hour,
When death with unrelenting hand hath robbed
Thy anxious bosom of its cherish'd flower ;
When sick'ning hope withdrew her feeble light,
And left thee mourning in dark sorrow's night ;

When from the beautiful, yet senseless clay,
The gentle spirit sought its home of bliss ;

* In one of the beautiful but lonely islands in the Bay of Fundy, which contains but one house, there is a small burial-ground, where four children from one family are interred.

The casket left, the bright gem called away,
Too pure to linger in a world like this ?
Then stop to pay the tribute of a sigh,
Nor pass this little mound unheeded by !

NIGHT.

WELCOME, sweet night ! now all around is still,
Save the low murmur of the dashing wave ;
Come, holy thoughts, my lonely bosom fill,
Teach me to bow to His almighty will,
Whose power can save.

It is the hour of calm and tranquil rest,
Which brings sweet memories of early years ;
And if dark sorrow's tide has closely prest,
(Thro' the past day), gives to my troubled breast
Relief in tears.

Brightly reflected on the dark blue wave
Are myriad stars, a gracious God hath given,
Serenely shining on each ocean grave
Like smiles from Heaven !

When scenes of earth are fading from my sight,
Oh ! grant that Faith may tell of sins forgiven ;
May that dread hour be calm as this sweet night,
And gentle Hope, with her seraphic light,
Point up to Heaven !

SPRING.

THERE'S a spirit of light on the bright blue sea,
'Tis spring ! it is beautiful spring !
I know her sweet song, it is full of glee,
There is hope and joy in her minstrelsy
As she floats on the zephyr's wing !

The wild sea-bird is busy around her nest,
 And the fish 'neath the sunbeams play ;
 There is life again on the ocean's breast,—
 She bounds, as if proud of her azure vest,
 And her diamonds of sparkling spray !

The white sail comes skimming the bright waters o'er,
 And we ask with a greeting smile,
 As she lingers beneath our cliffs once more :
 Do ye come direct from Old England's shore ?
 What news from our dear native isle ?

They tell of the frailty of human power,
 Of kings from their glory hurled ;
 But they speak of peace round our own home bower,
 That England stands firm, as a refuge tower,
 In the midst of a crumbling world !

Yes, such are thy tidings, oh ! beautiful spring !
 That now come with thy sunny smiles ;
 Round us they a mantle of verdure fling,
 They shine on the waves, like an emerald ring,
 From this circle of lonely isles.*

SONG.

AIR—" *Oh ! Nanny, wilt thou, &c.*"

OH ! wilt thou, dearest ! sing the strain
 Thy sister sends across the sea ?
 It will not then be breathed in vain,
 For thou canst give it melody.
 No honey dwells in mountain rose
 Till the bright bee around it sings ;
 From the wild harp sweet music flows
 When summer winds sweep o'er its strings.
 When summer winds, &c.

* Isles in the Bay of Fundy.

Then, Emma, let thy tuneful song
 Such sweetness in my numbers wake,
 And well I know the list'ning throng
 Will praise them for the minstrel's sake ;
 Round the low vale and rustic cot
 Sweet warblers chant their notes Divine,
 And so canst thou—oh ! doubt it not—
 Breathe sweetness thro' this lay of mine.
 Breathe sweetness, &c.

STANZAS.

PALE haggard Slander ! hast thou sown thy seed
 On these lone isles, on the wide ocean's breast ?
 Oh ! say, must human hearts for ever feed
 And suck the poison from thy noxious weed ?
 Is there no place of rest ?

Yes, wanderer ! yes, at true Religion's shrine !
 Where Slander's footsteps never yet have trod ;
 If purity and innocence are thine,
 Fly to her sacred altars, and resign
 Thy wounded heart to God.

The canker worm may feed upon the rose,
 Still a sweet incense will its leaves impart ;
 No—innocence in safety may repose,
 The venom'd shaft which envious Slander throws,
 May *wound*—not *pierce* the heart.

TO MY ABSENT MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SWEET thoughts came o'er me when I woke this morn,
 Was it, my mother ! that I dreamt of thee ?
 On fancy's fairy pinions swiftly borne,
 To thy loved bosom, o'er the wide dark sea ?

Ah, no ! for oft, in visions of the night,
I live the days of youth and love again,
When disappointment brings her cankering blight,
Hope yields to sorrow, happiness to pain.

But now a mellow, soft, and soothing ray
Warms my lone heart, and sweet affections' voice
Whispers : " It is thy mother's natal day !
Hail the blest morning, daughter, and rejoice !"

Fair Nature wears a bright and spangled vest,
Glittering and beautiful with frost and snow ;
No flowers bloom on her maternal breast,
No gay spring garlands deck her lovely brow :

Yet she looks bright and beautiful and fair,
Studded with diamonds seems each leafless spray ;
E'en *they* rejoice, and my heart's pleasure share,
Bereaved, yet happy, on this hallow'd day !

TO LOUISA.

WHEN o'er the world night's sable veil is spread,
And drowsy nature sinks into repose—
When many a weary heart and aching head
Seeks for a while oblivion from its woes—
When naught is heard but the soft night wind's sigh,
Now whisp'ring near, now murmuring afar,
And naught is seen in the dark midnight sky
But the pale glimmering of the evening star—
Then, dear Louisa, in that silent hour,
Will busy thought o'er the wide ocean roam,
Free as its billows with magnetic power
Wafts me to thee in thy wild rocky home.
Does not an inward voice breathe in thine ear,
In that still hour of silence and of rest :
" Thy sister's spirit, love ! is hovering near,
And oft in fancy folds thee to her breast."

Oh ! let that spirit voice, with memory's aid,
 Shed brightness, dearest ! o'er the present hour :
 Affection's gentle hues will never fade,
Her smiles can soothe e'en when misfortunes lour—
 Bid lovely Hope, like the soft brilliant light
 Of yon fair moon just rising in the skies,
 With gentle whisp'rings paint the future bright,
 Till 'neath her influence pale sorrow flies.
 Then think not, dearest ! that thou art alone,
 Though widely sever'd still our homes may be :
 Daily and nightly have my fond thoughts flown,
 And still in sweet communion dwelt with thee.
 Thought, memory, hope, bright attributes of mind !
 O'er time and space thy pinions swiftly roam ;
 And by their power, still free and unconfined,
 My spirit's with thee in thy lonely home.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

YES, my loved sister ! there's a charm
 Awaits the midnight hour :
 Ah ! well I know its healing balm,
 And own its soothing power ;
 And oft regret that busy day
 Should chase its calm, sweet thoughts away.

Tho' ocean's turbid waters roll,
 Dearest ! 'twixt me and thee,
 They cannot check the fervent soul—
 Thy spirit dwells with me :
 She comes upon the salt sea foam,
 To greet me in my island home.

When Memory paints those joyous hours
 Which blest our early years,
 She comes sometimes with Hope's bright flowers,
 But oftener bathed in tears ;

And then I feel her tears and mine
Are mingled at one holy shrine !

There's little of this earth's alloy
In those bright gems of love,—
Those harbingers of future joys,
Awaiting us above :
Where sorrow enters not, or pain,
But warm fond hearts unite again !

“ PASSING AWAY.”

How swift the passing shadows fly
Across the sunny earth,
Transient as grief that dims the eye,
And clouds bright childhood's mirth.

Those flowers, that hail'd the morning sun,
How soon they are decayed,
Their little life of beauty run :
Ere twilight dies, they fade !

The skylark, on light joyous wing.
Hymning his grateful strain,
Awhile thro' realms of space may sing,
Yet falls to earth again.

Who hath not mourn'd the broken stem
Of some fair flower of earth ?
Who hath not lost some lovely gem
That graced their once bright hearth ?

And seen, alas ! pale sorrow nip
Youth in its earliest morn ;
Paling the once bright coral lip
Of childhood, all too soon ?

Yes ! all that to our sight is given,
Of beautiful, or dear,—
Even yon bright and glorious Heaven,
Now shining on us here,—

Must fade and change, ere daylight dies ;
Those clouds of living gold
Forsake the glorious western skies,
Leaving them grey and cold !

Then pine not, for earth's lovely things,
Life's pleasures, soon decay ;
They flee away on golden wings,
Oh ! wish them not to stay.

Like leaves that fall from autumn trees,
Which cold rude winds destroy,
As fleeting, and as frail as these,
Is every earthly joy.

Then seek for those fair Virtue brings,
That, when life's dream is past,
They'll bear thee on their seraph wings :
Joys that for ever last !

A SISTER'S LOVE.

HAVE you not heard the melodies that o'er the night winds sweep,
When the sweet nightingale's soft strain lulls her own flowers to
sleep ?

So, my own gentle sister ! comes thy song across the sea,
And sweetly soothing is its tone of melody to me.

Have you not seen, 'midst Heaven's gems, one beaming from afar,
With purer light than all the rest, thine own sweet favourite star ?
Like that sweet light thy tender love shines o'er my lonely way,—
That fond, that never wearying love, that feels not Time's decay !

Have you not seen a lovely star shining on ocean's breast,
When all above, below, around, seemed tranquillized to rest,
As if its light had power to calm the trouble of the deep,
And o'er the vast and wide expanse a holy vigil keep ?
So steadfastly a sister's love beams on thro' storm and shine—
Sheds light around life's roughest path—and that sweet light is
mine !

ON SEEING FORT GEORGE, GUERNSEY, COVERED
WITH PRIMROSES.

THE bright young spring ! the bright young spring !
She bringeth many a pleasant thing—
She brings us many a sunny hour—
Many a fair and fragrant flower ;
The cuckoo's note, the humming bees,
The young green leaves upon the trees,
The sunlight on the mountain's brow
Reflected in the waves below ;
She flings with gay and lavish hand
Bright beauty o'er the smiling land,
And with a sweet and simple grace
Lends a new charm to ev'ry place.

Then welcome spring ! the bright young spring !
She beareth on her azure wing
Soft fragrant breezes, pure and sweet,
Now wafted from each lone retreat ;
She gives the waves their silv'ry light,
Still glancing in her sunbeams bright ;
Her hedges are with hawthorn gay,
Cheering the traveller's lonely way ;
Her gentle breath can soothe and bless
His path through the lone wilderness ;—
He looks around, he looks above,
And thinks of his Creator's love !

The joyous spring ! the joyous spring !
O'er ev'ry path bright gems ye fling—
Upon the earth, upon the sea,
They shine in light and brilliancy ;
And now in wild and playful sport
Thy wreathes are thrown o'er yon proud fort.
On those smooth velvet hills of green
Sweet cheerful primroses are seen ;
Those hills to outward seeming fair,
But treachery is lurking there,—
Deep hid beneath that flow'ry wreath
Are instruments of war and death.

Then peaceful spring ! sweet flow'rs of spring !
Which gentlest feelings still should bring,
Grace not that proud and threat'ning fort :
It brings the sad, the painful thought,
That peace may soon withdraw her smile,
And discord reign in this fair isle ;
That the dread cannon's deaf'ning roar
May soon resound, from shore to shore,
More fatal than the lightning's flash,
More awful than the thunder crash !

Yet welcome spring ! bright peaceful spring !
Oh ! let me to the fond hope cling,
That while thy golden sunbeams rest
On flow'rs in such soft beauty drest,
Deep in their topaz leaves may dwell
Some wond'rous power, some Heav'nly spell,
That, smiling there, that lovely band
Is thrown by a kind guardian hand ;
Oh ! let me give to fancy scope,
And call those flow'rs, sweet flow'rs of hope.

Bright happy spring ! bright happy spring
Oh ! let me still thy praises sing !
In nature's bosom is enshrined
All that is beautiful and kind ;

Bright gems she hides, and 'neath the waves
 Are beauteous pearls and coral caves :
 'Tis man alone, deceitful still,
 Would work his human brother ill.
 We dread not the loud thunder crash,
 We start not at the vivid flash ;
 The hand that clothed the mountain side,
 The lightning's flash will surely guide ;
 Oh ! let us then our voices raise,
 To God be glory, love, and praise !

 STANZAS.

“ Although impressions, calm and sweet,
 Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
 And I am only glad,
 The tear-drop stands in either eye,
 And yet I cannot tell thee why :
 I am pleased, and yet am sad.”

H. K. WHITE.

THIS world is rich in melody,
 In beauty and delight,
 And its breath is full of sweetness,
 Its skies are full of light ;
 Yet there is a tone of sadness
 Mingled with each note of gladness.

The Heavens ! how splendidly they're robed
 In silver and in blue,
 'Twould seem as tho' no cloud might shade
 Their soft and brilliant hue ;
 Yet storms will come and chase their lightness,
 And shadow all their present brightness.

There's beauty on that ocean mirror
 With all its varied dyes,

Like liquid silver gleams each billow,
As swift they fall and rise ;
Yet will winds, with wild emotion,
Rouse that now calm, tranquil ocean.

And beautiful, most beautiful,
When clothed in summer green,
Is every lonely forest glade
Forming their leafy screen,
Where, hid from each admiring eye,
Full many a flower may bloom and die.

Upon the mountain's rugged paths
The young lambs sport and play,
And bright-winged insects, birds, and flowers
Bask in the sun's warm ray :
They heed not tho' dark tempests lour,
Nor dread the distant thunder's roar.

The mighty ocean's shining depths
Hide brighter things than these,
Tho' far less dear its costly gems
Than flowers and summer trees,
While in its wave's incessant flow
Fancy still hears a sound of woe.

Yes, there is much of beautiful
In this fair world of ours,
But cruelty, like mildew's blight
Upon earth's fairest flowers,
Still echoes every note of gladness
With the low plaintive wail of sadness.

The lion in his pride and strength,
And the insect crawling near,
The monsters of the mighty deep,
All strive for mast'ry here ;

By instinct and by hunger driven,
They seek the food their God hath given.

We shudder at the tiger's art,
Crouching to grasp his prey,
While man for avarice, or sport,
More cruel far than they,
Relentless, deals the fatal blow
That lays the hapless victim low.

Oh ! be more merciful, for thee
How many toil and bleed,
Defenceless victims of thy power ;
Let pity softly plead,
Forbear to give them needless pain. —
Oh ! let not mercy plead in vain.

Embitter not their slavery,
Cease the ungenerous strife,
Let kindness soothe their burden'd hour :
They know no after life,
But when their day of toil is o'er,
They sink to rest, and rise no more.

The flowers of earth are still renewed,
We mourn not their decay ;
But the frail life you cannot give
Take not for sport away,
And mingle not so much of sadness
In their little cup of gladness.

To us is given a hope beyond
E'en this fair world of light,
Or sad would be each passing scene
Still fading from our sight. —
The form we love in death reposing,
The beaming eye for ever closing.

But in that far off better land,
All, all, is peace and joy,—
No shadow may obscure its light,
No mildew blight destroy ;
And not a sound, or sight of sadness,
May mingle with its holy gladness !

ON SEEING SOME IVY TORN FROM THE TREES.

ALL the leaves had forsaken the trees,
But the ivy still clung to the stem ;
No low'ring cloud, or chilling breeze,
Could induce her to imitate them.

They are summer's bright friends, and they fly
When the splendour of sunshine is o'er ;
When the storms of the winter draw nigh,
They are seen on the branches no more.

But the ivy, that emblem of truth,
Tho' storms fell the oak in its rage,
As she clung to the breast of its youth,
Will closer entwine with its age !

HOPE.

THERE'S a brighter day before us,
And a happier shore,
Where the clouds, that now hang o'er us,
Will shadow us no more :
Ah ! why then does my fond heart cling so fast
To the sweet memories of the faded past ?

The present would indeed be dark,
If Hope's bright ray were gone,—

She steers my troubled little bark
O'er life's rough ocean on ;
Yet fain would turn upon the billowy foam
To that dear spot—my own, my best lov'd home !

Few now, alas ! the favouring gales
That e'er around her play,
Yet onward wearily she sails,
And dashes through her spray :
Oh ! may her beacon be that light above,
That never-dying light, a Saviour's love !

ON SEEING A WHITE ROSE IN BLOOM IN THE
LATTER END OF OCTOBER.

Too late, alas ! ill-fated rose,
Thy fair and fragile leaves uncloze,
For, ah ! the first rude blast that blows
Will lay thee low !
The autumn's ling'ring smile is thine,
Too soon its rays thou must resign,
And on stern winter's breast recline,—
His breast of snow !

No gentle breeze will o'er thee stray,
Lone and neglected thou wilt lay,
Till winds shall sweep thy leaves away,
And shed them round !
That hollow blast foretells thy doom,
Nipt in the zenith of thy bloom
Thou'lt sink into the silent tomb,
The clay cold ground !

Thus the seducer's art beguiles
The breast of beauty with his wiles,
And she, confiding in his smiles,
Her peace foregoes ;

But soon remorse and harrowing care,
With the rude whirlwind of despair,
Will ruin all that once was fair,
Like thee, sweet rose !

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM UNDER A BUNCH OF
ANEMONES.

SIMPLE gifts may speak affection,
Take then these simple flowers of mine,
And let them live in recollection
When many fairer buds decline.

The anemone, whose beauteous leaves
The amorous bee delights to sip,
Has oft been twined in friendship's wreathes,
Been press'd to fond affection's lip.

TO AUTUMN.

No more are the forests enamell'd with green,
No more the bright foliage of summer is seen,
Each beautiful blossom is wither'd and dead,
For autumn a veil o'er each feature has spread ;
Yet her pencil has painted their foliage gay,
Though it mournfully waves o'er its blossoms' decay :
How soon it will fall, and each varying hue
The keen wintry winds o'er our pathway will strew.
Oh ! then, what a change will be seen in each vale
When the green leaves lie scatter'd, and wither'd and pale,
And nought but the bare leafless branches remain,
While winter reigns wild o'er the desolate plain.

Yet such is the fate of the lovely and gay,
 Like summer's sweet blossoms they fall and decay ;
 And the loveliest form that the eye can admire,
 On death's icy bosom must fade and expire !

SONG.

AIR—"Thy blue waves, oh ! Carron."

WHEN hope's bright delusions enliven'd my bosom,
 And made me believe every sorrow was past,
 I thought that the bliss, which was then but in blossom,
 Would prove the sweet flower of enjoyment at last !
 How vain were the dreams which my fancy delighted—
 Their sweetness can cheat my sad bosom no more,
 For sorrow each promise of pleasure has blighted,
 And left me but memory their loss to deplore.
 And left me but memory, &c.

Oh ! scenes so beloved, have I left you for ever,
 Ye much envied zephyrs, that blow round the spot :
 Oh ! tell them that, tho' I revisit them never,
 Their long treasur'd beauties will ne'er be forgot.
 And, oh ! happy winds, when my breath I'm resigning,
 Waft one gentle breeze to the shades I revere ;
 And whisper that she, who in death is reclining,
 Gave them her last sighs, and bequeated them a tear.
 Gave them her last sighs, &c.

TO MY SISTER,

ON HEARING HER REMARK THE BEAUTY OF TWO ROSES
 WHICH BLOOMED ON ONE STEM.

DEAR sister ! those roses the keen winds can weather,
 Together they brave every winterly blast,
 In gentle communion they meet it together,
 And raise their fair heads when the storm has gone past.

On one slender stem, the rude torrent defying,
They droop not their heads when the tempest is flown,
While yon lonely blossom is fading and dying,
And breathes its last sigh to the wind's hollow moan.

These twin buds, alas! in the autumn declining,
Must yield their last sigh to the pitiless blast;
But blending their sweets, while their breath they're resigning,
They'll mingle their fragrance together at last!

'Tis thus that *our* hearts, by affection united,
May brave the rude torrent of sorrow and pain,
For the woes, which the joy of one breast might have blighted,
Shall exert all its power o'er their union in vain!

Affection's firm stem, our fond bosoms defending,
Will link them, till time bears existence away;
And our hearts, like the sweets of those twin blossoms blending,
Will eternally mingle in nature's decay!

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY BUT UNFORTUNATE FRIEND.

OH! when you bear her to her latest home
Let not the cypress shade her lonely bier,
Nor sad affliction's wild and bitter moan
Wring from the passer by one pitying tear!

I would not that the pillow of her rest
Should be the sad resort of grief and care;
From the green turf which shrouds her gentle breast,
Let flowers blossom, fragrant, wild, and fair!

Let heartsease mantle o'er her lonely grave,
For broken hearts find peace within the tomb;

There let the violet's leaves of purple wave—
All nature's beauties round its precincts bloom.

Yet stay, not all, not love's delusive rose!
Plant not its thorns above her clay cold breast:
Too long, alas! they've chased her heart's repose,
And there, at least, "the weary may find rest."

ON READING A POETICAL COMPLAINT ON THE
WORD "LAST."

YES! thou art oft of happiness the knell,
Oft dost thou shade the scenes which fancy drew:
Friendships are blighted by thy painful spell,
And love must yield his dying breath to you!
Yet, still, thou plaintive harbinger of woe,
Tho' formed the blossoms of delight to blast,
Thou canst a value to our joys bestow:
Dear is the bliss we feel to be our last!

When fortune's bright and fickle beams decline,
And grief's dark shadow o'er the soul descends,
What bids the anguish'd bosom cease to pine?—
The firm affection of one faithful friend.
And is not friendship, pure, sincere as this,
Dearer than joys which fate's dark storm can blast;
Oh! yes it is, a sweeter, holier bliss,
To which we cling, and hail it as our last!

But if that loved and treasured form should fade,
Which sheds o'er adverse fate affection's glow,
At that sad hour th' impenetrable shade
Of grief shall veil us in a garb of woe.
When we've prepared the cold and silent bed,
And smoothed the pillow—this sad duty past,
We see the turf placed o'er that hallowed head,
And sigh to think that this must be our last!

But yet, our sun of happiness thus set,
 Virtue's bright star may penetrate the gloom,—
 Her radiant beams shall bid our souls forget
 All but the realms which live beyond the tomb !
 Friendship's sweet sunshine shall illumine us there
 With radiant beams which clouds can ne'er o'er-
 Strew o'er our pathway flowers divinely fair,
 Whose never dying bloom eternally will last !

Then, with the poet, I will not upbraid
 Thy mournful cadence, but my sojourn past :
 Oh ! may my soul, thro' virtue's paths conveyed,
 Join my loved friends in happiness at last !

FRIENDSHIP.

How fair is the light of the morning sun,
 How it gilds every opening flower,
 How tranquilly sweet when his race is run
 Is the silent and moonlight hour ;
 And yet there's a light, which is lovelier far
 Than the sun, or the moon, or the evening star !

Ah ! know you not well what this light must be ?
 'Tis Friendship's mild beautiful eye,
 Which brighter, far brighter, appears to me,
 Than the orbs which illumine the sky ;
 Oh, yes ! 'tis a light which is lovelier far,
 Than the sun, or the moon, or the evening star !

Pale grief would ne'er shadow the morn of my youth,
 If that light thro' its path should shine,
 'Tis my own little sun, and the bright ray of truth,
 Delights 'neath its beams to recline ;
 To me its mild lustre is lovelier far
 Than the sun, or the moon, or the evening star !

'Twould illumine the darkest and loneliest cave,
 'Twould shine thro' obscurity's gloom,
 'Twould cheer the sad pathway that leads to the grave,
 Nor sink 'neath the desolate tomb!
 Ah, no! its sweet light is more durable far
 Than the sun, or the moon, or the evening star!

Should fate e'er deny me the light that I love,
 If such should be fortune's decree,
 The many fair orbs that are shining above
 Would lose their bright beauty to me;
 The light of my life would be banished afar,
 Its sunlight, its moonlight, and light of the star!

Yet those lights will shine on when this perishing clay
 Shall sink 'neath mortality's doom,
 And Faith whispers the hope, that eternity's day
 Will break the repose of the tomb!
 When a Saviour's love will shine brighter by far
 Than sunlight, or moonlight, or light of the star!

ON THE MISERIES OF WAR.

(Formerly published under the signature of "ELIRVA," in 1818, in
 the *British Museum*.)

SCOURGE of mankind! whose all destroying hand
 Has robb'd of bliss a plenteous smiling land:
 Say, to what fiend thou owest thy hated birth—
 Who sent thee forth to desolate the earth?

The blast thou art that nips fair manhood's bloom,
 Cuts the young thread of life, and fills the early tomb;
 While shrinking nature, daily shuddering, reads
 Of some brave victim that for glory bleeds.
 Glory! misnamed,—'tis madness nearer far
 Impels thy votaries, oh, destructive war!

Mercy must ever tremble at thy name,
And wish oblivion rather than thy fame.
To sing the horrors of thy dread array
Demands an abler pen, a bolder lay ;
My feeble efforts can but half reveal
The pangs the widow and the orphan feel.

Woe to the land to war's dread power a prey :
Its hand of desolation sweeps away
Each home-felt joy, fair industry doth yield,
Destroys the produce of the waving field,
And sends the hand, that raised the food of life,
To slaughter brethren in the field of strife !
The hand embrown'd with honest, useful toil,
To deal destruction, and to live on spoil ;
The trumpet's call o'erpowers affection's sigh,
And Glory's torch outshines the love-lit eye.
Is there a heart that has not sighed for peace,
And wished the long, long strife of arms to cease ?
If such there be, oh ! let them bend the knee,
And ask the virtue of humanity !
Let them but mark the vital streams that stain
The war-chased verdure of th' ensanguin'd plain,—
Mark where wild havoc, red with carnage, raged,
Where hilt to hilt contending foes engaged.
The northern snows have borne the crimson stain,
Oft has it deluged Asia's fertile plain ;
Impetuous rush'd with fury o'er the lands
Of Africa's waste, and washed her burning sands ;
Europe too long has suffer'd from its sway,
Too long it has obscured each Heavenly ray :
In vain kind Providence its blessings shower'd,
Whilst the dread fiend o'er ev'ry prospect lour'd.
So long has war its fatal havoc made,
So long enveloped as in gloom and shade,
That e'en when Peace with smiling face appears,
Of future blessings many a structure rears,
Her smiles can scarcely penetrate the gloom,
Or make the land a livelier hue assume.

Detested war ! what hearts dost thou mislead,
To exult in strife, and e'en for strife to plead ;
Soft pity's form before ambition flies,
And victory triumphs in a nation's sighs.
While glitt'ring trophies blazon round the throne,
And mock with pageantry the people's groan,
Will the bright ray that lights the hero's grave,
The widow's heart, one pang of anguish save ?
Will the loud voice, proclaiming each brave deed,
Heal her torn breast, her tender orphans feed ?
Few female hearts the patriot glow inspires,
Freely to give their husband, lovers, sires ;
But yet no selfish fear is lurking there,
Heroic love will for its object dare
Danger and death, nor ever pause or shrink,
If blest with him, tho' on destruction's brink :
More true to nature is such love I deem
For gentle woman, than false glory's beam.
Oh, man ! if fame's thy idol, fame pursue,
But woman's glory rests in being true,—
True to her home, her character, her love,
By fate an eagle, but by choice a dove ;
Does any tender duty bid her rise,
How like the first she braves the adverse skies,—
The task performed, required no more to roam,
How like the last she flutters to her home :
Firm in the stormy, as the peaceful hour,
Her heart still hovers o'er affection's bower.

Oh ! let the victor for a moment stray
From where his praise resounds in ev'ry lay,
And seek the cot, the seat of sorrow now,
Where erst content sat smiling on each brow,—
Now left deserted, poverty and pain
Usurp the place where happiness should reign.
See on the hearth the blazing log expire,
The children round it weeping for their sire :
This let him see, and pity's melting dew
Flow o'er his bosom at the sad review.

The feeling drops that from his eye-lids flow
Shall real honour on his name bestow ;
But if unmoved he can the scene behold,
Hear the sad story of their sorrows told,
His heart is hard, as is the rugged rock
That firmly standing 'midst the tempest's shock
Views the torn bark in scattered fragments lie,
While dashed upon its crags her seamen die !
The storm is past, the morning's golden ray
Still shows it frowning o'er the breathless clay.

Even I, secluded from the world's sad strife,
And calmly leading a domestic life,
One sad example can from many bring
To prove the sorrows I attempt to sing.
Behold that cot, where wild the rose appears
To tell the happiness of former years,
When neatly pruned it graced the little door,
Now speaks the hand that trained it—is no more ;
Put by the clust'ring boughs, they hide a form
Left like itself unshelter'd from the storm :
Behold that drooping female, her sad dress
And streaming eyes speak widow's loneliness !
Yes, she to war's ensanguined fury owes
The various pangs her wretched bosom knows ;
At early age an helpless orphan left,
By war of brother and of sire bereft.
The victim of despair her mother died,
Leaving her child to an unerring guide,—
To One who hears the hapless mourner's prayer,
And makes the wretched his peculiar care.
Long had she loved, of kindreds now bereft,
She turned to the last blessing Heav'n had left—
Rich in the warmth of love, the charms of youth,
Her own devotedness, her lover's truth ;
Truth that had been by her lost parents blest,
Without a murmur she resigned the rest ;
And happier was their cot than splendid dome,
However rich, if but a loveless home.

They felt no present pang, no future dread,
But months of bliss, alas! too quickly fled;
For called to join in war's destructive strife,
In speechless agony he clasped his wife.
Unhappy girl! could not thy father's fate
And brother's bring the warning e'er too late?
Still would you wed with one who might renew
The bleeding sorrows you so early knew?
All powerful love, from thy delighted eyes
All dread of ill, all thought of peril flies;
The present bliss obscures all future dread,
And prudence flies where'er thy footsteps tread;
Her pleading prayers, her flowing tears, were vain,
He went—but never to return again.
She is a mother, but no father came
To bless and give her tender babe a name;
Scarce had she gazed upon her infant boy,
With all the transports of a mother's joy—
Indulged the visions love and fancy rear,
Th' enraptured thought of shewing pledge so dear—
When on her sickening sense, the fatal truth
Came like a pestilence to blight her youth.
The thought of that dear form among the slain,
Unheeded lying on the gore stained plain,
Shook reason from her throne: behold her stray,
Alone and mad, a melancholy way:
Wild as her emblem rose she looks around,
Throws her fair arms where no support is found.
Tho' sinking from the blast her fragile form,
Still bending, braves the fury of the storm;
And far from home poor Ellen oft would stray,
While her poor babe, lone and neglected lay.
Her bosom chilled with grief, no longer flowed
The nurture there kind Providence bestowed;
And death had nipt the bud e'er it had blown,
Had not her neighbours' soft compassion shown:—
His piteous cries awakened love around,
And the poor infant many mothers found.

He grew a lovely boy, and in his face
His father's features all distinctly trace ;
Ellen would gaze, and seem at times to lose
The apathy of madness, and to muse.
At length restored, her mental darkness fled,
Reason recalled, again her bosom bled
With recollection of her woe-fraught life,
How young an orphan, and no more a wife,—
No more a wife, but could a mother claim
So fair a child, and yet forget the name ?
Forget the duties that to him she owed,
Her gratitude for care on him bestowed ?
Tears came to ease her o'ercharged heart again,
Those soothing drops that ease the bosom's pain ;
With reason came religion's powerful aid,
She on her knees for resignation pray'd,
Thank'd the Almighty God who had restored
Her mental light to guide the babe adored.
Her child is now her only blessing here,
But hope presents a higher, brighter sphere,
Where she will meet the blessings here denied—
Give to his father her delight and pride ;
United in that realm, where sorrow o'er,
Parting and pain distract the heart no more.

Now cease my muse, thy strain of sorrow cease,
Reverse the theme, and hail the blessing peace !
Oh, Britons ! kneel, and with one grateful voice
Hail the bright Goddess, hail her and rejoice !
May she be lasting, and her Heavenly smile
Chase war's dread image from our favour'd isle !

TO EMMA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

OUR summer has been brief, love !
It is fading fast away ;
The sear and yellow leaf, love !
Proclaims its swift decay ;

Washed by her heavy showers
The rose's bloom has fled,
And many fragrant flowers
Hang drooping o'er each bed ;
Yet nature, with a joyful chorus,
Whispers of happy days before us.

Then let us not complain, love !
Their perfume still breathes round ;
While the rich golden grain, love !
Waves o'er the teeming ground.
Tho' plaintive winds are sighing
Amid the rustling leaves,
And many bright things dying
O'er which the young heart grieves,
Still nature tunes her grateful chorus
For all the bounties spread before us !

Affection is a flower, love !
Which fades not thro' the year,
It droops not 'neath the shower, love !
Its leaves are never sear :
Shining brighter thro' each storm
Its roots gain strength with time,
Raising its fair gentle form
In every age and clime ;
Shedding its sweet incense o'er us,
It joins in nature's tuneful chorus !

This blossom brightly blooms, love !
When this life fades away,
Beyond the narrow tomb, love !
It knows not time's decay.
Thro' a Saviour's pitying love,
A gracious Father's hand,
We learn to look above
To that bright peaceful land !
And feel, while joining nature's chorus,
The eye of love is watching o'er us !

Oh! may it long be thine, love!
 Long grace thine own home bower,
 And love and peace combine, love!
 To cheer life's latest hour.
 Tho' autumn winds are sighing,
 They bring thy natal day :
 Oh! may time swiftly flying
 Still find thee glad and gay!
 Still joining in the tuneful chorus,
 The Eye of Love is watching o'er us!

OUR ISLAND HOME.

A little rock in bright array,
 Rising from Fundy's lovely bay,
 Round which the fresh sea breezes play,
 And sunbeams smile ;
 Majestic, as a Fairy Queen,
 With showy belt of red and green,
 Resting on ocean's breast is seen,—
 'Tis Rowan Isle.

And tho' sometimes the waves run high,
 And dark and murky looks the sky,
 And storm-fiends hold their revelry
 O'er the white foam ;
 And as the ruffled billows ride,
 While onward rushing with the tide,
 Seek in their dark abyss to hide
 Our island home.

Still proudly stands the little rock,
 Still does she brave the storm's rude shock,
 While to their nest the sea-birds flock
 In the far west ;
 Still does the old house firmly stand
 Upon the highest point of land,

And there, a young and merry band
Find peace and rest.

When summer spreads her mantle green,
Oh! then, it is a peaceful scene,—
The soft waves murmuring serene,
Still ebb and flow ;
And sportive forms you then may see
Playing around in childish glee,
To catch the breezes of the sea
And health's warm glow.

When autumn tints their lustre shed,
Those Rowan berries bright and red,
Reflected like a coral bed
In the blue wave,
Brightens the foliage tinged with brown ;
Tho' many a wither'd leaf lies down,
They smiling meet rude winter's frown,
So stern and grave.

And when he spreads his pallid shroud
From the o'erladen heavy cloud,
And the rude north wind whistles loud,
We cease to roam ;
'Tis then that youthful hands aspire
To raise the friendly blazes higher,
To enliven, with a cheerful fire,
Our island home !

ON SEEING A YOUNG PARTY DANCING AND
SINGING BY MOONLIGHT.

OVER the bright and sparkling sea
Moonbeams dance right merrily,
While youthful voices on the strand
Remind the heart of fairy land ;

When the glow of early feeling
Lights the eye and cheek with joy,
Innocence of heart revealing,
Who would its bright bloom destroy ?

Long it is, oh ! very long,
Since I joined the mirthful throng,
Yet my heart's fond memories
Cherish many scenes like these ;
Who would the happy dreamers wake
To sorrow's shadows and to tears,—
Who would the warm light spirit break
With boding tales of future years ?

Dance on, dance on, ye merry band,
Believe these isles are fairy land,—
Still, still, the cup of pleasure sip,
And let it pass from lip to lip ;
Nor let the solemn evening bell,
Which echoes o'er the moonlit wave,
The sound of merriment dispel
With warning voice so sad and grave.

Hope leads ye on in life's gay spring
Thro' flowers of her own colouring,
Fond memory in maturer years
Will bathe those faded flowers with tears ;
Thus she preserves their magic spell,
Thus yields the saddened heart repose,—
Her mirror every bud full well
In its first radiant beauty shows.

Then let the rocks with echoes ring,
Time ne'er stays his restless wing ;
Dance, be merry while ye may,
Thine is the heart's best holiday !
Moonbeams, on the waters playing,
Shine like pleasure's brightest smiles ;
Happy hearts, around us straying,
Cheer to-night 'our fairy isles !

TO MRS. COOPER,* ON BEING REQUESTED BY
HER TO WRITE.

How shall my trembling muse attempt to sing,
How learn to soar upon her feeble wing,
To reach the path that virtue proudly shows
High in the region where her presence glows :
I dare not praise lest flattery it seem,
Yet without praise how write on such a theme !
No—what each heart must in her friendship feel,
A muse, like mine, attempts not to reveal ;
A silent homage and a love sincere
Warms at my heart, and speaks but in a tear !

ISABEL TO HER BLIND SISTER.

THE dewdrops hang on every bough,
The morn begins to break,
Then chase dull slumber from thy brow,
Wake, my sweet sister, wake.

Oh ! let us haste o'er hill and dale,
For the sun is rising high,
Illumining each lonely vale,
Gilding the cold grey sky.

Drear winter now has fled away,
And on each bursting tree,
On every shrub, and glistening spray,
The young green buds I see.

* Mother of the late Sir Astley Cooper.

The joyous birds pour forth their song
To the blossoms and the flow'rs,—
Then, dearest, let us join the throng,
And welcome spring's soft hours.

Thy slumbers are not calm and deep,
I would not have them last,
For in thy restless, troubled sleep,
Bright tears are falling fast.

Alas ! alas ! the sweet sunshine
Thy slumbers may not break,
But that soft hand, now press'd to mine,
Tells me thou art awake.

Refreshing as the morning dew
Upon the sleeping flow'rs,
May those bright tears, love, prove to you,
And soothe thy darken'd hours.

Thy cheek, dear, it is fair and pale,
Those eyes have lost their light,
They speak a sad, a mournful tale,
Of sorrow's cank'ring blight.

Then, gentle sister, sleep again,
Forgive my thoughtless glee,
Would I could lull thy every pain
By watching over thee.

Oh ! let it be my task of love
To kneel by thee, and pray
To Him who spread those skies above
To guide thy darken'd way ;

To give thee that pure, holy light,
More sweet than bright sunshine,
Whose ray can pierce the deepest night—
The light of Truth Divine.

THE BLIND GIRL'S REPLY.

OH! think not, dearest, I would chide
 My own sweet Isabel,
 No, my sad tears I fain would hide
 From one I love so well.

But when I hear of soft blue skies,
 And spring's sweet sunny hours,
 I raise my sad, my sightless eyes,
 And weep to see her flow'rs.

E'en when I hear thee, love, rejoice,
 My heart it still is sad,—
 It cannot join thy grateful voice,
 I cannot now be glad.

For, oh, alas! no golden ray
 These darken'd eyes may see;
 Dreary alike is night, or day,
 There is no change for me.

There was a time I lov'd to roam
 Far o'er the hills away,
 To seek spring's flow'rs to deck our home
 With garlands bright and gay.

'Tis true their scent is round me still,
 And still I hear rejoice
 The thousand birds which seem to fill
 The air with their glad voice;

But when I hear the tuneful lark
 Soaring in light away,
 I weep the more, for drear and dark
 My path where'er I stray.

There was a time I lov'd to see
The early morning break,
But now, alas! 'tis night to me,
And dark whene'er I wake.

Yet while I feel thy gentle hand
So fondly clasped in mine,
I think of that bright far off land,
And cease, love, to repine.

I may not see the setting sun,
Or blossom on the trees,
But thy dear hand still leads me on,
To feel spring's gentle breeze.

And oft when pillow'd on thy breast
In sweet and happy dreams,
I see again the golden west
And the moon's bright silv'ry beams.

Still many a fair and lovely star
Will bless my wond'ring sight,
Shedding its soft pale lustre far
Through the deep skies of night.

My sister! when these dreams are gone,
Oh! then I try to say:
Father, *thy* will, not mine be done,
Oh! teach me how to pray.

Together then, love, may we find
Those glorious fields of light,
Where sight is given to the blind,
And all is fair and bright!

STANZAS.

“The presence of one thinking being like ourselves, whose bosom glows with sympathy and whose affections we possess, so far from destroying the advantages of solitude, render them more favorable.”

OH ! sweet are nature's rural shades,
 Pure her fountains, fair her glades,
 And dear each flow'ry vale ;
 Still as I 'neath the foliage rest,
 I want a sympathizing breast,
 With me their sweets t' inhale.

I look around and joy to see
 Each herb, each shrub, each tow'ring tree,
 But turn my joy t' impart ;
 And finding no warm bosom near,
 I drop a sad and silent tear
 For a congenial heart.

Alive to fond affection's power,
 I love at Luna's pensive hour
 To seek a verdant seat ;
 But most I love to see her shine
 On a dear friend whose heart with mine
 In unison doth beat.

The little warblers of the grove,
 Whose tuneful voices breathe of love,
 Delight my eye, my view ;
 But still I wish a voice that's dear
 To whisper in m' attentive ear,—
 I feel, I see them too.

Oh ! sweet indeed is nature's shade
 When two fond bosoms seek the glade,
 Or wander in the vale,
 Or 'neath the spreading foliage rest ;
 Thus loved, thus happy, and thus blest,
 How sweet the perfumed gale !

Each herb, each shrub, each tow'ring tree,
And every object that they see,
 Must double bliss impart ;
Then rapture sheds a balmy tear
On that congenial bosom near,
 Mute offering from the heart !

While heart for heart responsive beats
How soft are nature's verdant seats,
 How sweet is Cynthia's hour ;
How bright her lovely beams appear
When shining on a face so dear,
 What words can speak her power !

Yes, when with those I love I feel
Each object some new bliss reveal,
 And happiness impart ;
'Tis then that all things joys dispense,
They thrill thro' each enraptured sense,
 And vibrate on the heart !

SLANDER, A TALE.

SLANDER, malicious fiend ! thy foul report
From me shall never claim the list'ning ear ;
'Tis thine to picture guile in every sport,
 To change the smile of bliss into a tear.

I love to see the youthful bosom bound
With gaiety, with confidence, and joy ;
Nor deem it proof of guilt when these are found,
 They're virtues, graces, which thou would'st destroy.

Oft have I wonder'd any human breast
Should ere delight in thy ungracious form :
'Tis mental blindness only can divest
 Thee of a brow black as the midnight storm.

Worse than th' assassin lurking through the night,
Or the fell tiger prowling for its prey,
The fairest characters thy breath can blight,
Thou foe to all that's innocent and gay.

With specious words thou dost thy purpose hide,
Induct thy poison thro' the listening ear,
And those that heart to heart were linked, divide,
Dissolving ties most sacred and most dear.

The tiger's haunts the traveller may shun,
The murderer's knife but once our hearts can find ;
But who from thee, thou lamb-clothed wolf, can run,
Who gives to lingering death the wounded mind.

Thy aim is decked in language soft and fair,
As snake conceal'd by flow'ry herbage gay ;
Thy sting is venom, to the fiend despair
Beauty and innocence thou giv'st for prey.

Let every ear be closed and bosom hate
The Slanderer's vile and despicable name :
Oh ! let them hear Maria's hapless fate,
Lovely and innocent, yet lost to fame !

Swift eighteen years o'er her fair head had flown,
And as time's waving pinions flitted by
The fairest seeds of happiness he'd sown
Which blasting Slander early doomed to die.

Bright love had culled his fairest, sweetest flowers,
To weave a garland for her lovely brow ;
And smiling promised many blissful hours,
While Hymen ratified each tender vow.

But Edmund, call'd by honour to the field,
The imperious call the soldier must obey ;
E'en love itself must to the summons yield—
Sad, but resigned, they hoped a better day.

“This sword,” he said, “inactive in its sheath,
My country claims, and we must bid adieu ;
I go to add the laurel to love’s wreath,
But still in heart thy Edmund rests with you.”

Oh, sanguine period ! youth can always see
Its fondest wishes spring mature to light ;
Ah, dear Maria ! while embracing thee,
Could he have seen the dark destroying blight

Hov’ring o’er thee, thy beauty, and thy fame,
He ne’er in battle would have sought renown ;
Forgotten would have been the soldier’s name,
No bays, or laurel, formed for him a crown.

From many a hero’s heart would courage ebb,
Could he futurity’s mixed pages know ;
Read thro’ fate’s awful and mysterious web
For those he loves a catalogue of woe.

Heaven in its wisdom great and mercy kind
Has closed the book that we may right pursue,
Uninfluenced by the fate we there might find
Was the great volume open to our view.

The parting scene with her loved Edmund o’er,
Maria’s mind for resignation strove ;
But, oh ! so sad where all was bright before,
For given was the parting tear of love.

God with compassion views the human breast,
If there the wish to rightly act he reads ;
He soothes the wounded heart to peace and rest,
Rewards the will, forgives the weaker deeds.

Oft when her much loved Edmund was away
She found a pleasure at the evening hour,
In lonely walks by Luna’s pensive ray,
Or thinking of him in his favourite bower.

This was sufficient for vile Slander's tongue,
Who seeks for kindred guilt in every breast ;
From ear to ear the scandal soon was rung,
That a companion gave those walks a zest.

Letters which raised suspicion's hateful shade
In Edmund's breast, which else was free from stain,
Were by some dark malignant hand conveyed,
In language couched that well might credit gain.

How keen a pang shot thro' her gen'rous soul
At the salute so cold, the brow so stern ;
How quickly from her cheek the roses stole
That glowed there with delight at his return.

In lieu of open arms, and rapture's smile,
Joys beaming oft in fancy's vivid ray,
Which served the pangs of absence to beguile,
For each pain promised tenfold joys to pay,

Edmund, the chosen of her bosom, wore
The cold despairing look, the rigid frown,
And oft upbraiding words her bosom tore,—
Slander, by thee the jaundiced seed was sown.

If for a moment truant smiles returned,
Or as most usual pensive sadness reigned,
His breast, with jealousy's mad passion burned,
And every act of love he thought was feigned.

Too delicate alike in form and mind,
Both shrunk with horror from suspicion base ;
For Edmund love with every thought entwined,
Her heart was virtue's sweetest resting place.

An anxious mind brought on the swift decay,
Consumption's wasting hand her bosom prest,
Life's feeble fire in sighs consumed away,
And gloomy death sat brooding at her breast.

Ere her poor form sought everlasting rest,
“ I’m innocent,” she feebly said and sighed ;
Then on her husband’s torn repentant breast
Thy victim, Slander, laid her head and died !

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

POUR, Religion, thy balm on the poor mourner’s heart,
To the parent, the sister, thy solace impart :
Raise the thought that now sinks in the cold cheerless tomb,
Where ’tis only the clay can lie mould’ring in gloom,
To the sphere where the spirit, so loved upon earth,
Now has cast off its burden, and gained a new birth.
Oh, ye friends of Eliza ! cease, cease to complain,—
She is borne from a region of sorrow and pain ;
Her pure spirit has left its dark mansion of clay,
And by angels is hailed to eternity’s day !
Let the soft beam of Hope chase away the sad tear
Which bedews the pale cheeks that now bend o’er her bier ;
Tho’ ’tis misery to you from such sweetness to part,
From so lovely a form, and so gentle a heart,—
One so good, that her Maker withheld not the prize,
But bestowed on her youth virtue’s meed in the skies.
She’s escaped all the sorrows attendant on years,
Oh, ye friends of Eliza ! let this dry your tears :
Raise your hearts to the region where sorrow is o’er,
For there blest ye will meet, and be parted no more !

LAURA, A BALLAD.

SEE upon the heaving billow,
Where the pensive moonbeams play,
Now resting on the silent pillow,
Where calmly sleeps poor Laura’s clay,

O’er her form no lover bending,
Drops the silent bitter tear ;

But the moonbeams, oft descending,
Gild awhile her lonely bier.

The queen of virtue sweetly shining
O'er her youthful votary's bed,
Loves the spot where she's reclining,
Sheds her glory round her head.

Truth dwelt in Laura's gentle bosom,
Love's flower was fondly cherish'd there,
But fate too early crush'd the blossom
With the sad cankerworm of care.

Poverty, his chill winds blowing,
Destroyed each bud of hope that bloom'd ;
And keen neglect, its blight bestowing,
The flowers of happiness entomb'd.

Poor Allen left in wild emotion
His wife, his children, and his home ;
He cross'd the wide and treach'rous ocean,
And found a grave amid its foam.

And now life's sweetest hope had perish'd
She sought his pillow 'neath the wave,
And those fair blossoms, lov'd and cherish'd,
Must they too seek an early grave ?

No ; by the storms of life tho' shaken,
Like spring's sweet flowers they meet the blast ;
Tho' by the heartless world forsaken,
Affection beams on them at last.

Oh, yes ! a brother's tears descending,
Oft mingle with the briny wave,
And infant smiles, with moonbeams blending,
Still illume poor Laura's grave.

'Tis piety, that beam bestowing,
Bids it o'er their features shine ;

And whose the tear so often flowing ?

Memory, that sweet gem is thine !

Tho' dear the lovely form that perish'd,

Tho' keen the blight 'neath which it fell,

In brighter regions it is cherish'd,

In realms of bliss will ever dwell.

United to her heart's best treasures,

Unclouded happiness will know :

Unfading are those Heav'nly pleasures

Which from the fount of mercy flow.

SMILES.

THERE is a smile, a sportive smile,

Which beams o'er childhood's face ;

Which dimples round the lips awhile

With nature's sweetest grace.

Such pure delight this smile reveals,

So void of all offence,

That every heart which marks it feels

'Tis thine, sweet innocence !

'Tis like the sun which opes the flower

At early break of day,

Ere yet his radiant beams have power

To shed a warmer ray.

There is a smile which brighter glows,

More ecstasy imparts,—

'Tis that which Cupid's flame bestows

To warm young lovers' hearts !

'Tis like the ray which bids the rose

Bloom forth in beauty's vest ;

How brightly do its beams disclose

The heart which love has blest !

There is a smile more calm than this,
A ray far more serene,—
It is a glow of temperate bliss,
Where no wild passion's seen.

It is a ray more chastely bright
Than love's ecstatic dream,
Which, mellow'd with a purer light,
Reflects his radiant beam !

Just as the sun his glory lends
And bids pale Luna shine,
[: That smile illumes the lips of friends,—
Sweet Friendship, it is thine !

There is a melancholy smile,
A sad, yet soothing ray,
Which glistens thro' a tear the while,
Lingers, then fades away.

It is the smile which faintly gleams
Ere we resign our breath :
'Tis cheering Hope's seraphic beams,
Which gild the bed of death !

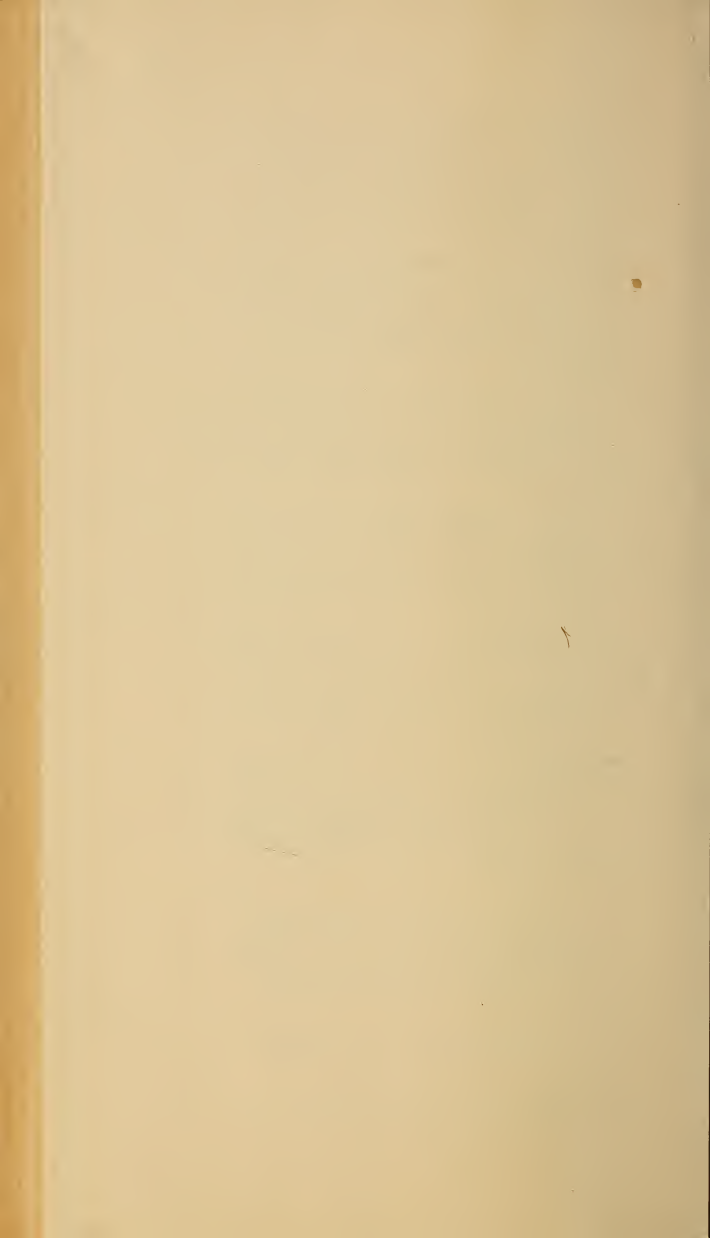
They shine like autumn's ling'ring ray
O'er summer's faded bloom,
Still promising a brighter day
Which lives beyond the tomb.

Oh ! may the autumn of my year
Close with a smile like this,
Which, tho' it beams o'er nature's bier,
Lights the 'rapt soul to bliss !

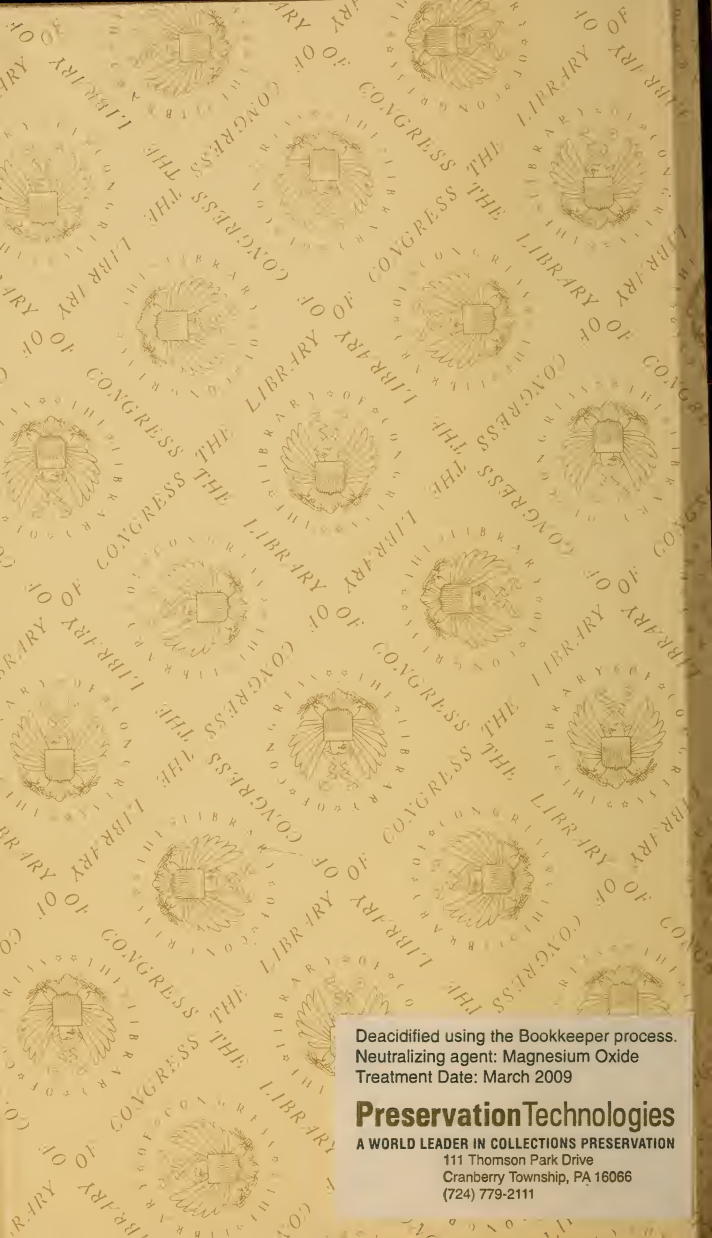


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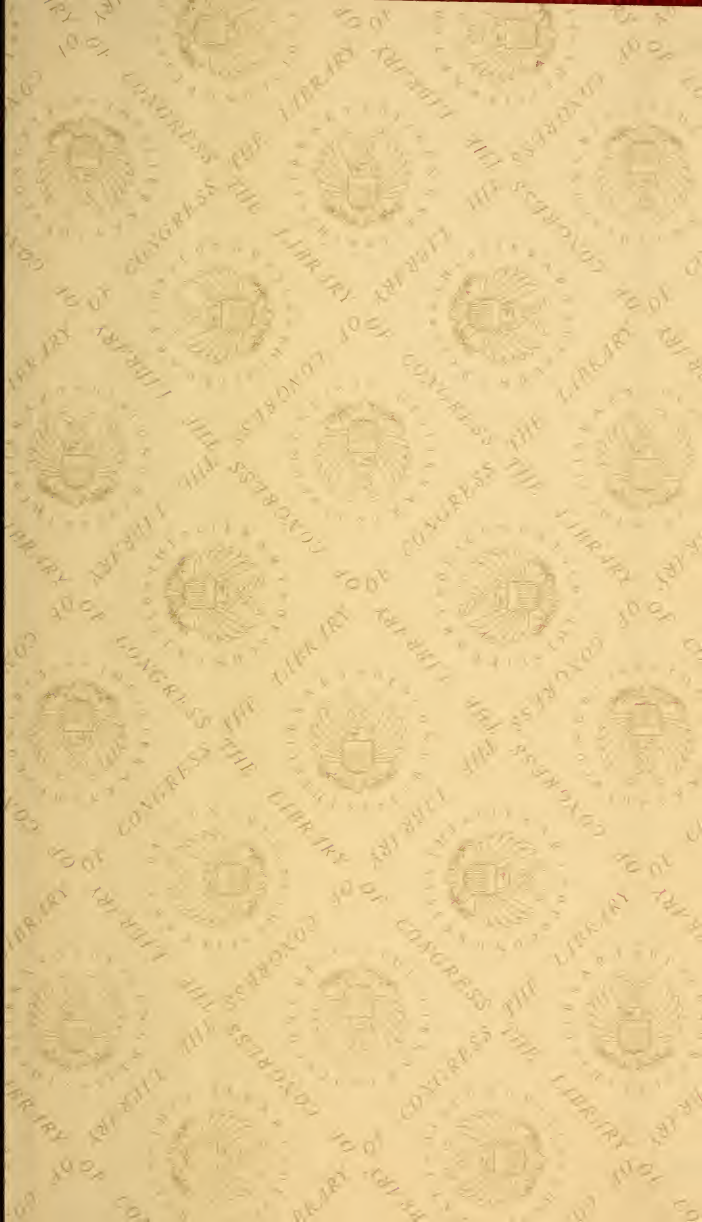


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